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JANUARY

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
PRINTERS

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"STARTING THE NEW YEAR RIGHT"

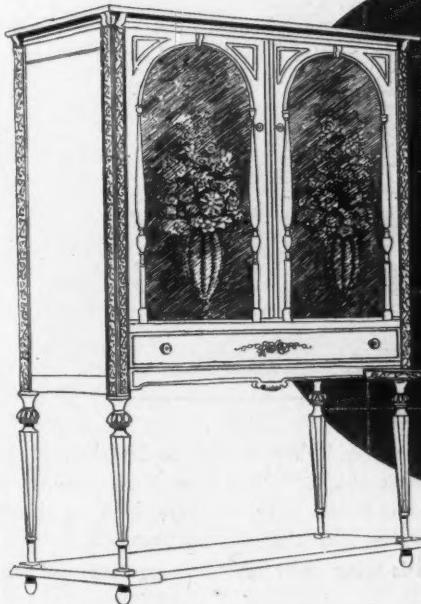
Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

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John M. Smyth Company

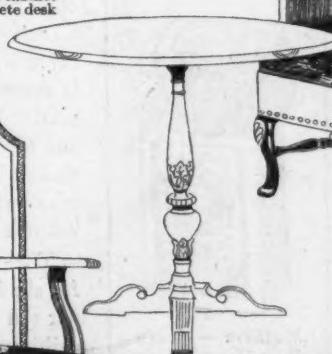
Established 1867

Madison East of Halsted
CHICAGO



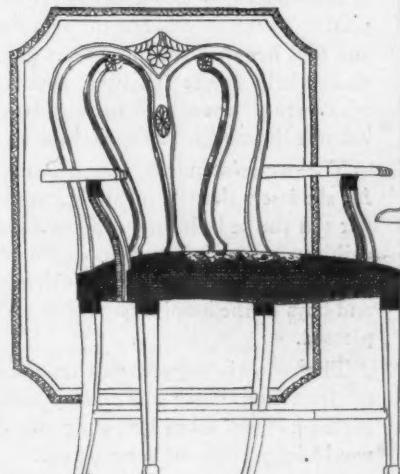
LOUIS XVI CHEST

This chest is constructed of solid Walnut. All of the carving is hand-carved. It measures 48 inches in height and 34 inches in width. It has a depth of 21 inches. The panels of the doors are hand-decorated. Within the cabinet you will find four drawers and a complete desk equipment. The desk pulls out. This is a very decorative piece of furniture for a Living Room. You will find this piece of furniture charming in design. \$248.25



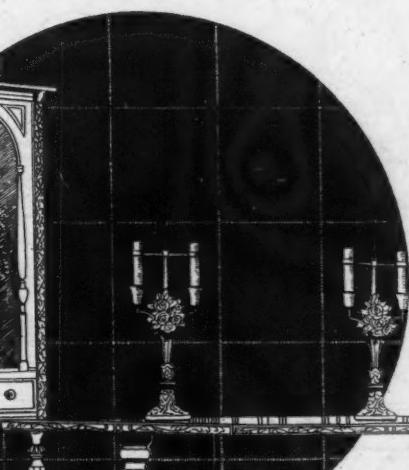
CENTER TABLE

Of solid Mahogany with light hand-carvings on the edge and base. A Table reasonably priced \$50.00



ADAM CHAIR

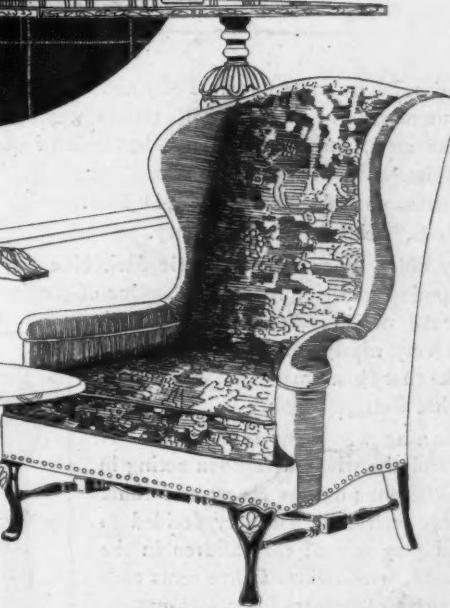
A solid Mahogany chair with exceptional lines. The chair is covered in a Tapestry with embroidered design. \$74.50



LIVING ROOM TABLE

Made of solid Walnut. The top measures 23 by 78 inches. The carving on the base is all hand-made

..... \$153.00



QUEEN ANNE CHAIR

An unusually large roomy chair. The frame is of solid mahogany and is hand-carved. The seat and back have full spring construction and are covered in a combination of highest grades of Tapestry

..... \$191.00

55 Years of Good Furniture

How "Crayola" Brought Joy to the Hospital



ONE rainy day when Joan, Polly and Betty were rummaging in their mother's trunks, way up in the attic, they came upon a box full of old-fashioned dresses.

"Let's dress up and give a play," said Joan.

"Yes, let's," echoed Polly and Betty.

So they did. They found a little dark blue frock with white flowers that just fit Joan. One of gingham with a broad ribbon about the skirt which would do very nicely for Polly, and a cap and frock that just matched which was exactly what Betty wanted.

The morning was spent sewing on their costumes and the whole afternoon acting in as many different plays as they could think of. It was such fun that they decided to give a real play for all the children in the neighborhood, with tickets at five cents each for children and ten cents for grown-ups.

The play was a great success. I've forgotten what the name of it was. But everyone came from Grandma Johnson who lived across the street, down to the baby who lived next door. And when it was all over they found they had collected two dollars and forty cents.

Now the question came up of what to do with all this money. Joan wanted to put it in their banks. Polly thought it would be nice to buy all the candy in the candy store. And little Betty had a different idea every five minutes.

So in the end they decided to let their Mother tell them what was best. She was as wise as most mothers are and it didn't take her very long to think of an entirely new plan that pleased them all.

This is what their mother suggested and what they did.

Right after breakfast the very next Saturday morning they went to the nearest stationery store and bought eight boxes of "Crayola" Crayons. They chose the Rubens Box, No. 24, because it had twenty-four of the brightest colored crayons there were. With these carefully wrapped in three packages they walked over to the hospital. There they found the superintendent and told her that they had some gifts which would help amuse the little boys and girls who were ill enough to have to stay in bed, but not ill enough to forget how to play.



Mother — There is a hospital in your city with a children's ward. Visit it occasionally. A new face with a smile is always an event — and even a little gift will be remembered for weeks. "Crayola" Crayons, Rubens Box No. 24, are only 30c each.

The superintendent was pleased indeed, for she knew that "Crayola" Crayons would not soil the bed clothes and would give the children many happy hours. She thanked the children and assured them that the girls and boys in the hospital would be more than pleased.

That was the suggestion that the mother of Joan and Polly and Betty made—and perhaps, if you asked her, your own Mother would let you do the same thing.

For there is a hospital in your city with children who would enjoy playing with "Crayola" Crayons.



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SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

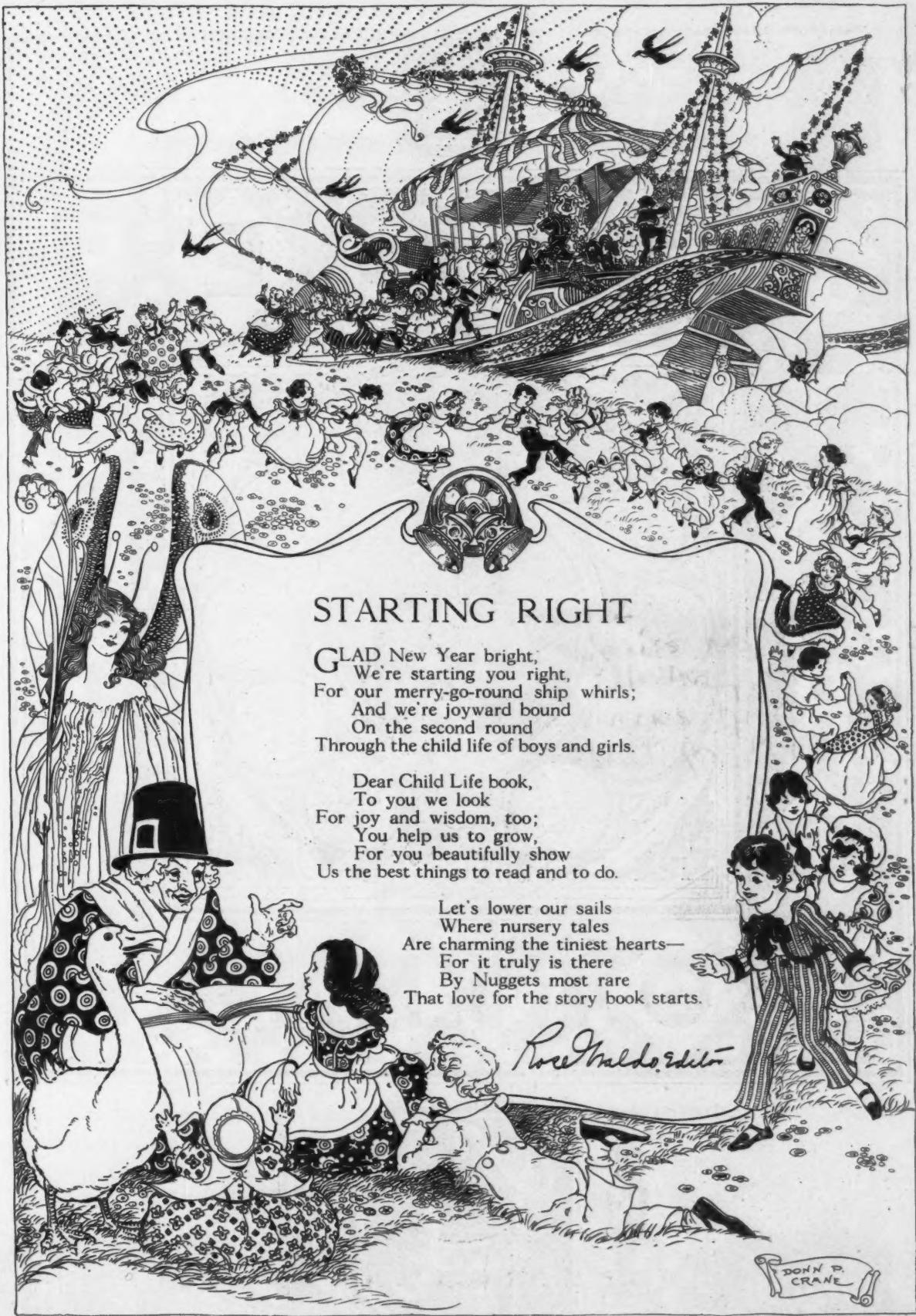
Kayne Wash Suits

THIS attractive little Kayne wash suit is made of the very best white jean. The collars and cuffs are fine French serge and are guaranteed not to fade. Tailoring

is typically Kayne throughout. This suit together with others equally as attractive and many interesting novelties, will be shown by our dealers this Spring.

At Leading Dealers Everywhere

The Kayne Company, Cleveland, Ohio



STARTING RIGHT

GLAD New Year bright,
We're starting you right,
For our merry-go-round ship whirls;
And we're joyward bound
On the second round
Through the child life of boys and girls.

Dear Child Life book,
To you we look
For joy and wisdom, too;
You help us to grow,
For you beautifully show
Us the best things to read and to do.

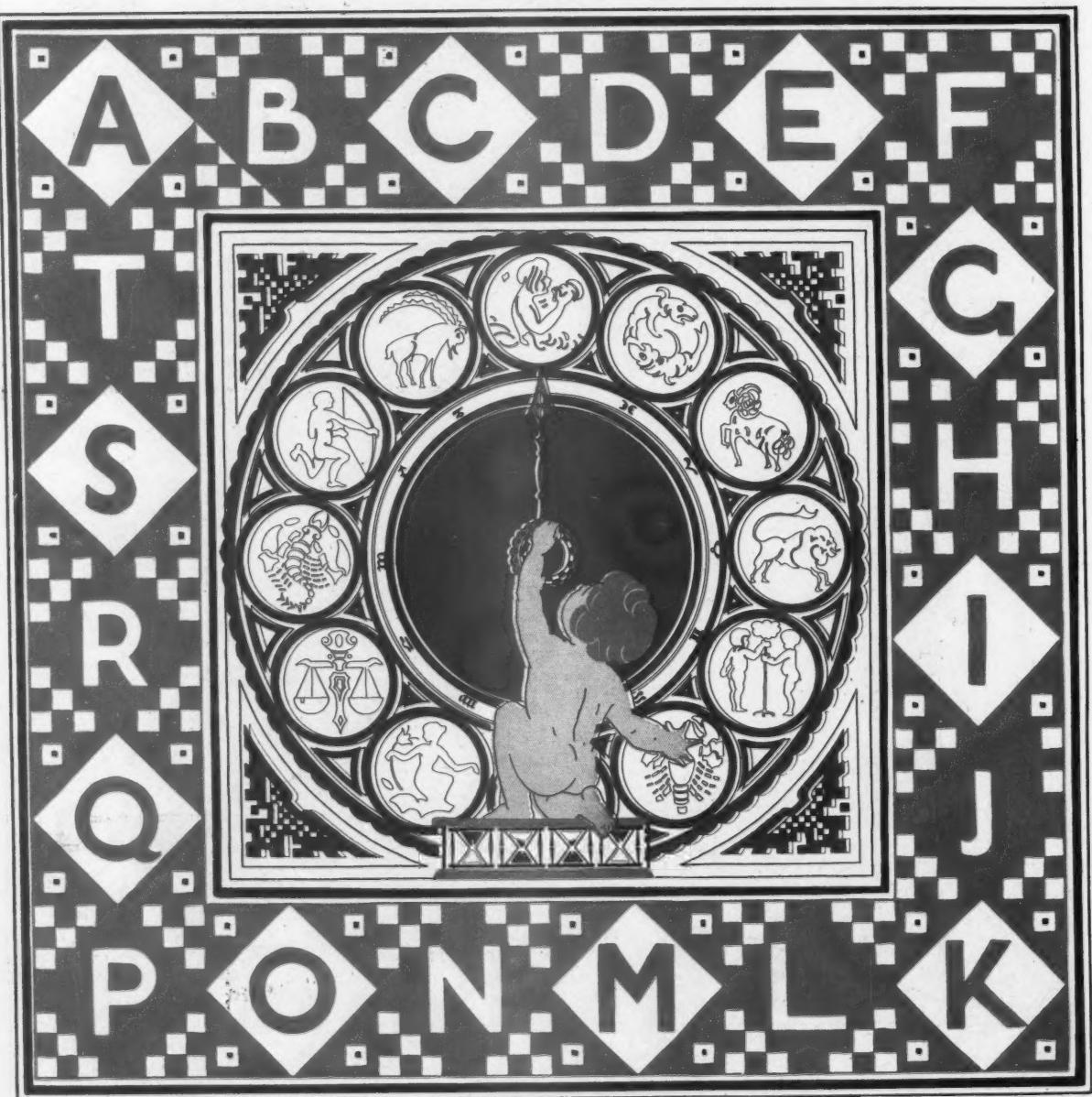
Let's lower our sails
Where nursery tales
Are charming the tiniest hearts—
For it truly is there
By Nuggets most rare
That love for the story book starts.

Rose Maldo, editor

DONN P.
CRANE

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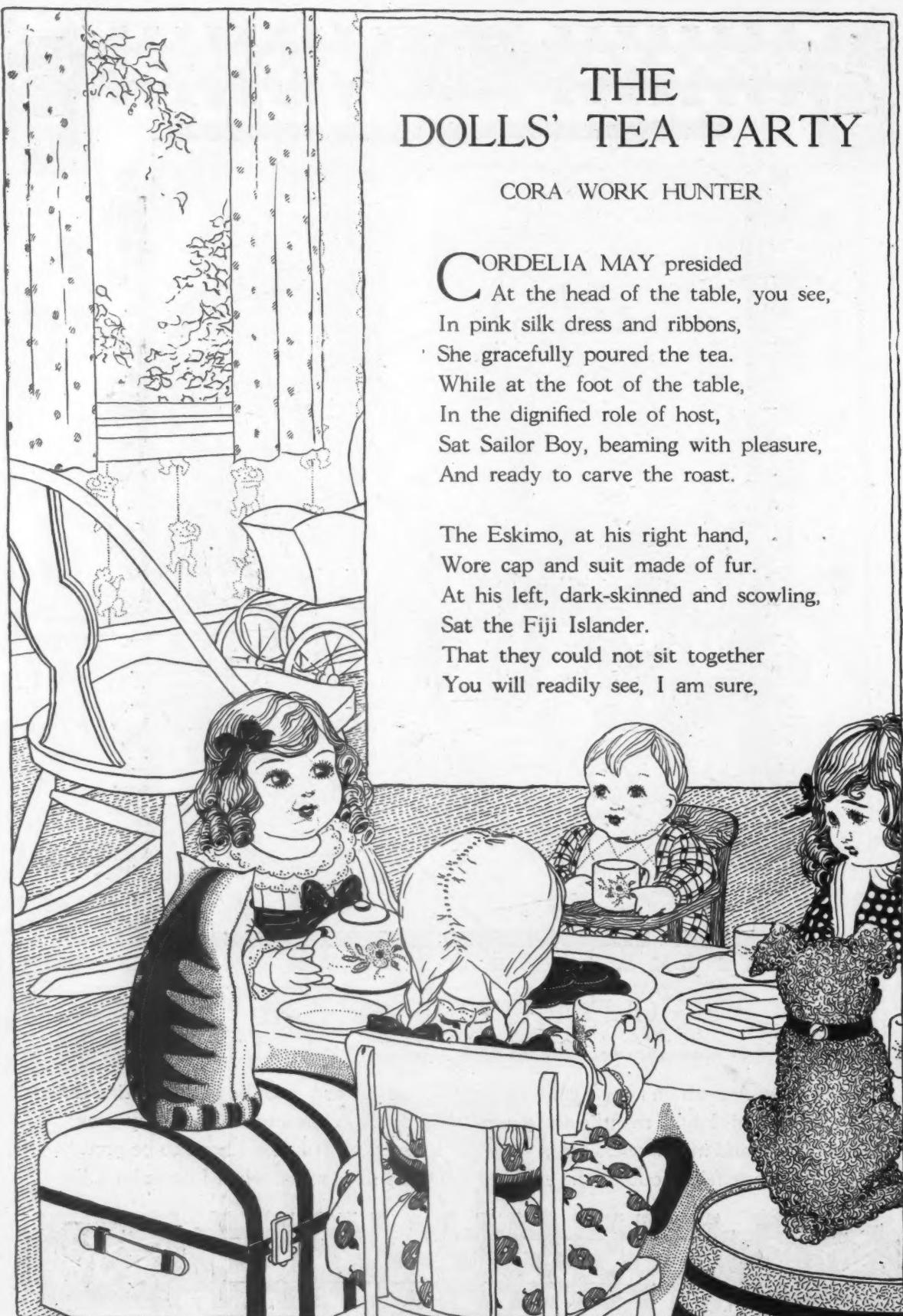


OLD FATHER ANNUM

By LEROY JACKSON

OLD Father Annum on New Year's Day
Picked up his bag of months and years,
Thrust in his hand in a careless way,
And pulled a wee fellow out by the ears.

"There you are," said he to the waiting crowd,
"He's as good as any I have in my pack.
I never can tell, but I hope to be proud
Of the little rascal when I come back."



THE DOLLS' TEA PARTY

CORA WORK HUNTER

CORDELIA MAY presided
At the head of the table, you see,
In pink silk dress and ribbons,
She gracefully poured the tea.
While at the foot of the table,
In the dignified role of host,
Sat Sailor Boy, beaming with pleasure,
And ready to carve the roast.

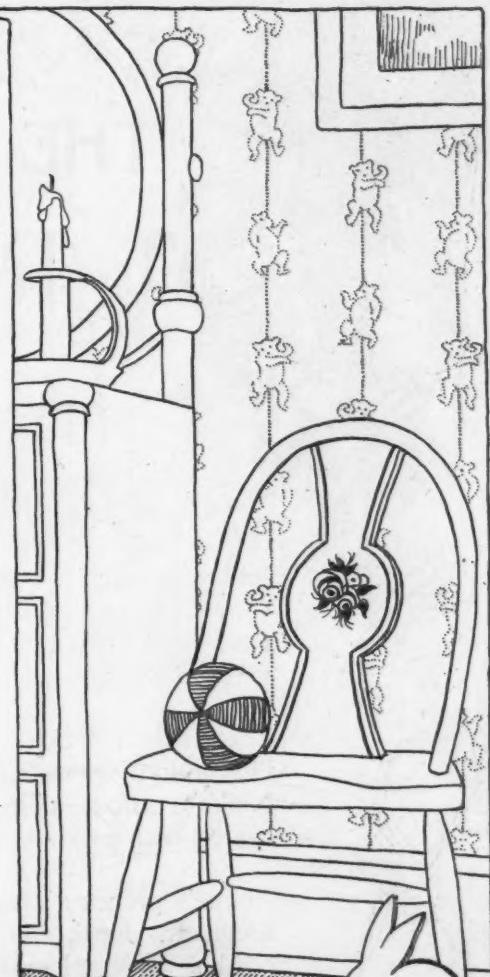
The Eskimo, at his right hand,
Wore cap and suit made of fur.
At his left, dark-skinned and scowling,
Sat the Fiji Islander.
That they could not sit together
You will readily see, I am sure,

For they just couldn't keep from quarreling
About the temperature.

And then Arabella and Edith,
And Polly and Janet were there;
While next to wee Arabella,
Sat Baby Boy in his chair.

The woolly dog sat on the washtub,
And kept his eye on the meat.
And the calico cat, on the doll trunk,
Miaowed for something to eat.

The cat and the dog were friendly,
And did not offer to fight.
And each little doll, most politely,
Said and did only that which was right.
They served jelly tarts, bread and butter,
Cookies, and cambric tea.
'Twas the jolliest dolliest party
And merry as merry could be!



Helen Hudson.

THE STORYBOOK CIRCUS

BJORN WINGER

HOORAY! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
The Story-book Circus is coming today!
Horses and wagons and lemonade stands,
Gingerbread ponies and chocolate bands!

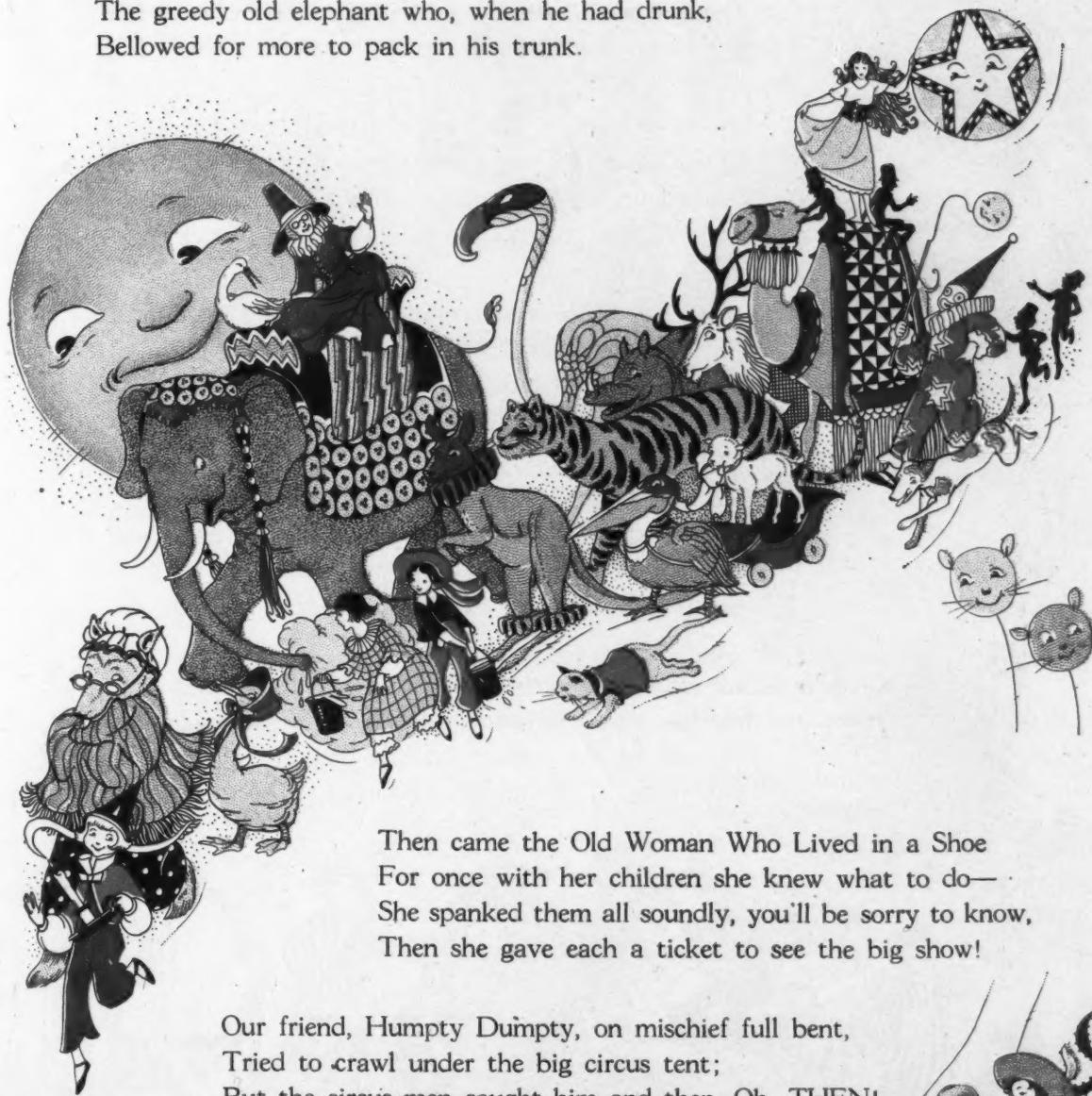
"Rat-ta-tat-tat!" on the little red drum
Carried so proudly by Hop-O'-My-Thumb!
"Root-ti-toot-toot-tooti-toot-tooti-too!"
From the shiny gold horn of Little Boy Blue!

The Little Tin Soldier led the parade,
His uniform gleaming with spangles and braid—
Never a soldier more splendid than he,
Belted and buckled, with boots to the knee!

Animals prancing two by two,
Elephant, camel, and kangaroo;
Noah's whole ark—what a grand sight to see
In the Story-book Circus Menagerie!



Jack and Jill carried all day, from the hill,
 Buckets of water and tried hard to fill
 The greedy old elephant who, when he had drunk,
 Bellowed for more to pack in his trunk.

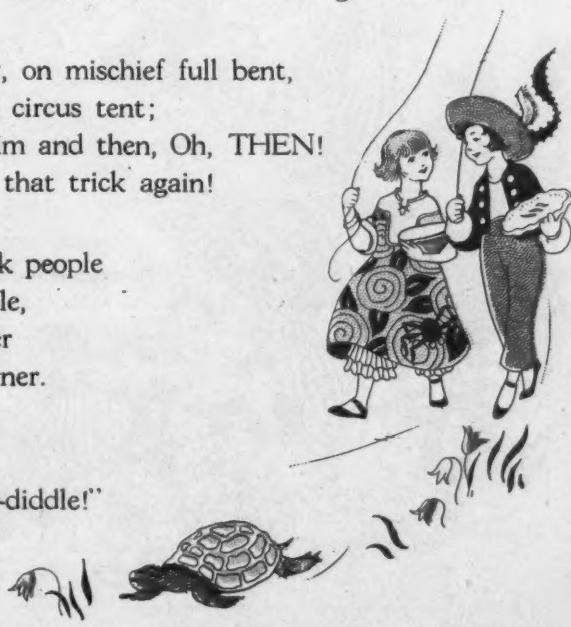


Then came the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe
 For once with her children she knew what to do—
 She spanked them all soundly, you'll be sorry to know,
 Then she gave each a ticket to see the big show!

Our friend, Humpty Dumpty, on mischief full bent,
 Tried to crawl under the big circus tent;
 But the circus men caught him and then, Oh, THEN!
 Poor Humpty will never try that trick again!

Soon the seats were all filled with the Story-book people
 From Old Doctor Foster to Jack in the Steeple,
 Till so crowded it was that Little Jack Horner
 Had to sit with Miss Muffet way back in a corner.

The orchestra led by the Cat and his Fiddle
 All through the performance played "Hei-diddle-diddle!"
 While the chocolate band played its live-
 liest tune,
 The old brindled cow jumped over the moon





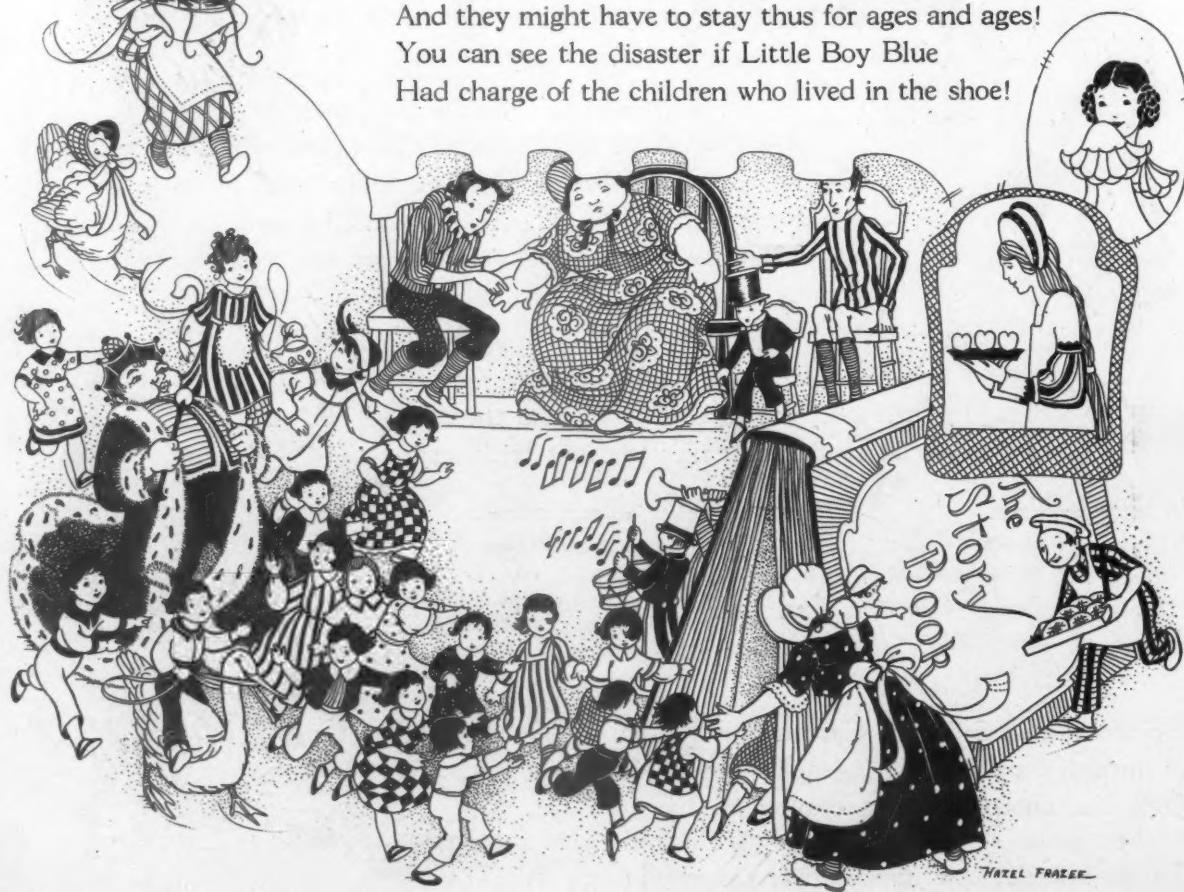
And every one laughed when the Piper's Son, Tom,
Fell from the pig he was riding upon;
The pig begged the barber to hide him and save him;
But the clown barber merely proceeded to shave him.

In the Story-book Circus Menagerie
Were Goldilock's bears and the wolf, which you see,
Dressed up like a grandma in "Red Riding Hood,"
But now they had cages and had to be good.

In the side show were seated our friends, Jack Spratt,
The Skeleton Man, and his wife who is fat;
The Giant, the Crooked Man, Tom Thumb wee,
And dozens of others queerer than he.

The blare of the horns and roll of the drum
Warned the Story-book people that evening had come;
Back to the Story-book all of them hurried,
Some of them happy and some of them worried.

So fearful were all they'd not find their right pages
And they might have to stay thus for ages and ages!
You can see the disaster if Little Boy Blue
Had charge of the children who lived in the shoe!



HAZEL FRAZEE



PUZZLE—FIND JACK FROST

HELEN HUDSON

ONE wintry morning Sue and Ned
And both the twins hopped out of bed
And hurried to the window pane,
For they could see there, just as plain,
Some castles, woods and hills and rings,
Just meant for fairy queens and kings.

Ned looked at them, then said to Sue,
"I really almost think, don't you,
That while we slept here in the night
A roguish little artist-sprite
Just painted here with his own hand
A picture of his Fairyland?"

JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL



When Pudgy heard the whistles New Year's Eve he was so frightened he pulled the covers over his head

JUST LIKE THIS



"On his high horse," laughed Zingo. Just then coming right toward them was a big stork with little 1923 on its back

JUST LIKE THIS



Suddenly right there beside him on his pillow, Zingo, the elf, appeared before Pudgy as a little bright light

JUST LIKE THIS



The stork, knowing Zingo, invited Pudgy to ride to the Palace of the Years with the Baby New Year

JUST LIKE THIS



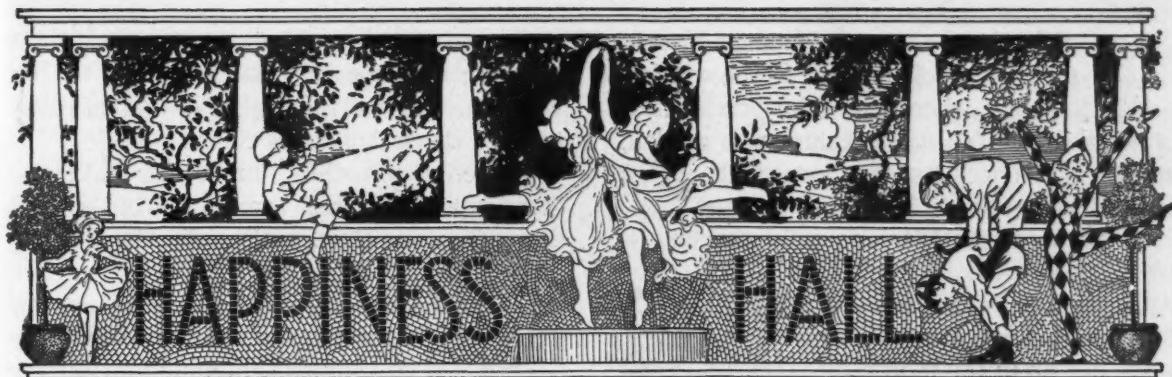
"Fear not," he said. "The world is saluting 1923. There goes the Old Year on his winged horse now!"

JUST LIKE THIS



When they arrived, little 1923 gave Pudgy a package marked "Good Wishes" for himself and for you

JUST LIKE THIS



ANNABEL'S GERANIUM

By MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

ANNABEL'S geranium was brother and sister and playmate and garden all at once to her, although it was really nothing but a plain little geranium plant, not even in blossom, but with three promising little buds. You must know that Annabel lived up on the fourth story of a dreary brick house in the city with no yard to play in, not even any green thing to look at—only another tall dreary brick house opposite. And she was so lonely; for her mother had to go out to sew in other people's houses and leave Annabel to herself after school hours, and now, in spring vacation, all the day long. If she only had a little sister! Other little girls had sisters — why couldn't she?

So one evening, when Annabel's mother came home, she brought her the geranium, and said, "That's something alive for you to love and take care of, Annabel dear."

And so it was. Annabel watered it every day and watched the little buds grow bigger

and bigger. She could hardly wait for the biggest one to burst open.

"By the time your birthday comes," said Annabel's mother, "I am sure that the geranium will be in bloom."

"Oh, mother! Then that will be my birthday present," said Annabel. Her birthday came the first of May.

One April morning, when Annabel opened the window to let in the sunshine, she saw at the window just opposite hers the head of a delicate golden-haired little girl who smiled wistfully at the geranium. She looked just like the little sister that Annabel had in her dreams. Shyly Annabel smiled at her, and the little girl smiled back and waved her thin little hand.

When Annabel's mother came home, her little daughter told her about the dream-child at the window.

"Oh, that's little Marjorie next door; she's an invalid. In spring they move her to the window. But Marjorie never goes out of that room."



From that day on Annabel watched every day for the lovely golden head at the window and was happy when little Marjorie smiled. Now the little potted geranium was garden, spring, and cheer for two lonely little girls instead of one.

"How surprised Marjorie will be when she sees a real blossom tomorrow!" thought Annabel, the night before her birthday.

When bright, warm sun-rays woke her up in the morning,

Annabel jumped out of bed and ran straight to the geranium.

There it was—a flaming bright red little blossom, like a trumpet blast of spring in the quiet little room. Annabel clapped her hands and danced about in glee. Her mother gave her a spicy, brown, white-frosted birthday cake that she had baked herself, and a sailor hat and a new dress, sky blue, that she had sewed in the evenings when her little daughter was asleep; and Annabel liked everything, but the geranium flower she loved best. And when her mother had gone to work—even on—Annabel took a chair to the open window and sat in the warm, coaxing sunshine beside the dear geranium and felt as if she were in her own bright garden. She sat there all morning and watched the window opposite. But where was Marjorie? Why did she stay away on Annabel's birthday of all days? By noon, when nothing appeared at the opposite window, Annabel felt tears rise. Tears on one's birthday! That did not seem right. She ate the good lunch that her mother had left for her and a big slice of her birthday cake, and yet she could not feel happy. There was a heavy load on her heart. All at once she knew what it was

that made her sad: Marjorie was not at the window; perhaps she had to stay in bed while the sun was shining! Now a tear really trickled down Annabel's cheek.

Suddenly something made her take the geranium pot in her arms and run with it down the four steep staircases of the apartment house, and out onto the street. Then she halted. Annabel never liked the street; it was so dreary and lonely and frightening and all the children she ever saw on it were older than she.

Timidly she walked to the next house and tried to open the door. But it would not open. What should she do? She saw a row of speaking-tubes with names on cards above them; but what good did they do her? For, though Annabel had just learned to read, she did not know Marjorie's last name. It was lucky that a

big boy came and opened the house door and asked Annabel whom she was looking for.

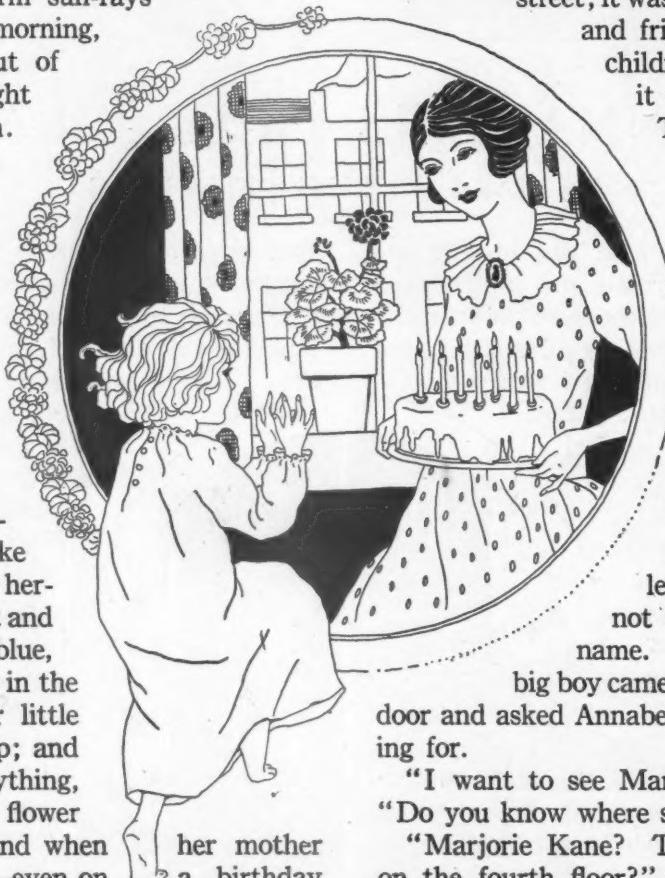
"I want to see Marjorie," said Annabel. "Do you know where she lives?"

"Marjorie Kane? The little sick kid up on the fourth floor?" asked the boy. And when Annabel nodded, he led her up four dark, narrow stairways, opened a door and called in, "Marjorie, here's somebody to see you!"

A high little voice replied, "Mother's out—I'm all alone—who is it? Won't you come in?"

The boy pushed Annabel into the little hallway of the flat and closed the door behind her. Though she felt suddenly very queer and shy, Annabel, hugging her geranium pot, stepped into a small, bare room.

There, in a little iron bed, Marjorie lay, white and frail. Her deep blue eyes were big and shining like stars—Annabel had never



seen them nearby before. When the little girl saw the geranium flower, her cheeks were suddenly flushed and she leaned forward and stretched out her little arms.

"Oh, it's in bloom!" she cried.
"It's in bloom!"

Then Annabel put the geranium pot right into Marjorie's hands.

"There!" she said

"Oh, to keep?" cried the little sick girl, and buried her happy face in the green leaves.

"Yes, to keep," said Annabel. "It's yours to keep."

Then suddenly she was frightened and ran out of the room, down the four steep stairways and up her own. She did not know just why she was frightened—she only knew that she had not meant to give away her dear geranium and that something had made her do it just now—something or somebody who wasn't Annabel.

Then she sat down by the window where the geranium used to be and—that was the strange part—she felt so wonderfully happy. She was happy thinking of Marjorie, and how her eyes shone when she saw the geranium flower.

When she sat there, drowsily waiting for her mother, a quick knock at the door startled Annabel out of her dreams, and in the next moment the big boy who had shown her the way to Marjorie stood before her and handed her a letter,

then ran hurriedly away. Annabel's hand trembled; she had never received a letter before, and she felt as if this one could not be quite real. She read on the outside:

TO ANNABEL

She tore open the little envelope, just as she had seen her mother do, and unfolded a little sheet of pink letter paper. The writing was shaky and in lead pencil and this is what was written there:

Dear Annabel:

Why did you go so soon?
Please come again. I *love* my geranium. You must come every day and help me water it. I will put it in the window so you can see it. When I am well I am coming to play with you. The doctor said I can get well soon. I am much better, he said, because I am happy. I know why. Come often. Come every day. I will be your little sister.

MARJORIE.

Annabel had hardly finished reading the letter when her mother came into the room.

"Why, Annabel dear!" she exclaimed, glancing at the window. "Where has it gone? Where is your geranium?"

"Oh, that's gone," said Annabel. "But oh, mother, just guess—just guess what I got for my birthday?"

"I can't imagine," said her mother.
"What is it, Annabel? Something you wanted?"

"Yes," and Annabel flung her arms round her mother's neck,
"oh, mother—
it's my biggest wish:
a sister!"





EVERY child's accessory or other commodity presented to our readers in the advertising columns of "CHILD LIFE," has been carefully judged and passed upon by both our editorial and advertising staffs.

Whether your patronage is solicited direct or through retail stores, you are safe in dedicating your confidence to "CHILD LIFE" advertised goods.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Publishers of

CHILD LIFE

NATURE STORIES



HOW HERBIE HERMIT CRAB FOUND HIS HOUSE

By JULIA E. SMITH

HERBIE HERMIT CRAB was in trouble. He had grown so big and fat, his little snail shell house was much too small for him; and look as hard as he would, he could not find an empty shell that he could use.

Now hermit crabs are a bright red color, you know, and have soft little bodies. They make very choice titbits for hungry fishes and big crabs, and poor Herbie did not relish the idea of being gobbled up.

He knew that any moment his pretty red claws and head were liable to attract the attention of some fish, and he was trying desperately to find a new house large enough to cover him up.

Every snail shell Herbie came to, he would rap on, in the hope that there was nobody at home; but the snails were all attending to their own affairs, carrying their shells with them, and the periwinkles were busy, too.

In fact, the only empty shells poor Herbie could find were those the gulls had cracked in order to eat the creatures that lived in them, and the little crab knew he could not live in a home so badly broken.

"Whatever shall I do!" he thought. "The tide is coming in fast, and even now the flounders and sculpins are beginning to arrive."

Just then some one picked him up. Not just Herbie himself, but his shell, too, was lifted out of the water. How frightened he was! He squeezed way back in his wee house, as far as he could, until the end of him almost poked a hole in the spiral end of the shell.

Every instant he expected to be eaten, and he kept his eyes shut tight, so he would not see the awful creature that held him. Wise little Herbie kept his ears open, however, and this is what he heard:

"Oh, Mother, see what I have found! What do you suppose it is? This funny little



PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

TWO prizes will be offered to the readers of CHILD LIFE, one prize to the girl winner and one prize, of equal value, to the boy winner. The prizes will be awarded to the boy and girl who send in the best two color productions of the following page. The names of the winners of the November contest are: MARTHA EURICH, 2322 Lake Isles Boul., Minneapolis, Minn., age 10, and MASTER S. LIPSCHUTZ, 200 West 118th St., New York City. Honorable mention: MADELENE ANDREWS, GRACE PHYLLIS HEARD and CARROLL CONNELLY.

The characters of "The Lazy Mistletoe" should be done in their natural colors. Try to be sure that these colors are correct. The pages may be colored by the use of water color paints or crayons.

Do you know the natural colors of these woodland folk?

Send your colored page before January 15 to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS
Care of CHILD LIFE
 RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CORRECT SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

The Cone-bearing trees (coniferæ) are a most important order of forest trees. They are strong, stiff and light in weight. Landscape gardeners realize how beautiful they are—the straight, green young trees and the rugged, picturesque old ones. Many are useful as wind-breaks.

All conifers between their twenty-fifth and fortieth years pass through a period of change and, for a time, are less shapely. The order of conifers has nearly forty genera and 100 species, most of which are found on the Pacific coast.

Among the well known varieties are the Scotch Pine, Austrian Pine, Red Pine, and White Pine. Weeping Spruce, Junipers and Dwarf Pines and Spruces are found in the cultivated varieties. Japan has produced a number including the graceful *Cryptomeria Japonica*.

The Larches and Bald Cypress and Pines (except the White Pine) need all the sunlight they can get, but the Yews and Firs love the shade. Hemlocks and Spruce and Junipers like the shade, too. Most Conifers ripen their fruit from September to November. Their cones open and they then shed their seeds. Some cones keep their seeds for years and artificial heat is needed to open them.

If you would like to know more about the little people of the woods, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS
Care of CHILD LIFE
 RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

thing like a red spider was crawling around, carrying a snail shell on his back."

"He is a hermit crab, Jack," replied Mother. "He needs a larger shell. Let's put him in this pool of salt water left in these rocks by the tide. We'll place several of your periwinkle shells beside him and let him choose the one he wants."

In a few moments Herbie opened his eyes again. To his delight he found himself in a nice, warm pool of sea water. All about him were lovely empty shells of many sizes. The incoming tide could not reach him there for some time, he knew, so the greedy fish could not eat him just now.

Slowly and cautiously the little fellow crept half way out of his tiny, old shell. He looked the new houses all over carefully, not realizing that Jack and his mother were watching him. Presently he found a fine big shell. "What a splendid house this will make for me!" he thought, as he tried to turn it over. Alas, it was too big and heavy!

He must try another. The next shell appeared to be all right. He tried that, but it proved to be too small, not much larger than the one he was in.

At last, however, Herbie found one that seemed to be exactly right. It was not too heavy for him to lift, yet it was big enough for him to hide in. He turned it round and round, then over and over, until he made sure it was just what he wanted.

With a feeling of great relief the fat little crab crept all the way out of his old shell and backed about, quickly pushing his funny curled tail-like end into the opening of the new house. Back, back it went into the spiral part until Herbie could cuddle way out of sight and be safe from harm in the pretty pink-lined shell.

"Isn't that fun, Mother?" he heard Jack exclaim. "Now I'll put him back where I found him and let him live in peace, with his new house to protect him."

To Herbie's delight he soon found himself back in the tide water again, among his friends, a very happy, grateful, little hermit crab.

ANIMATED BOTANY

A · COMEDY · OF · THE · WOODS

By · ESTELLE · HARRIET · ROBINS



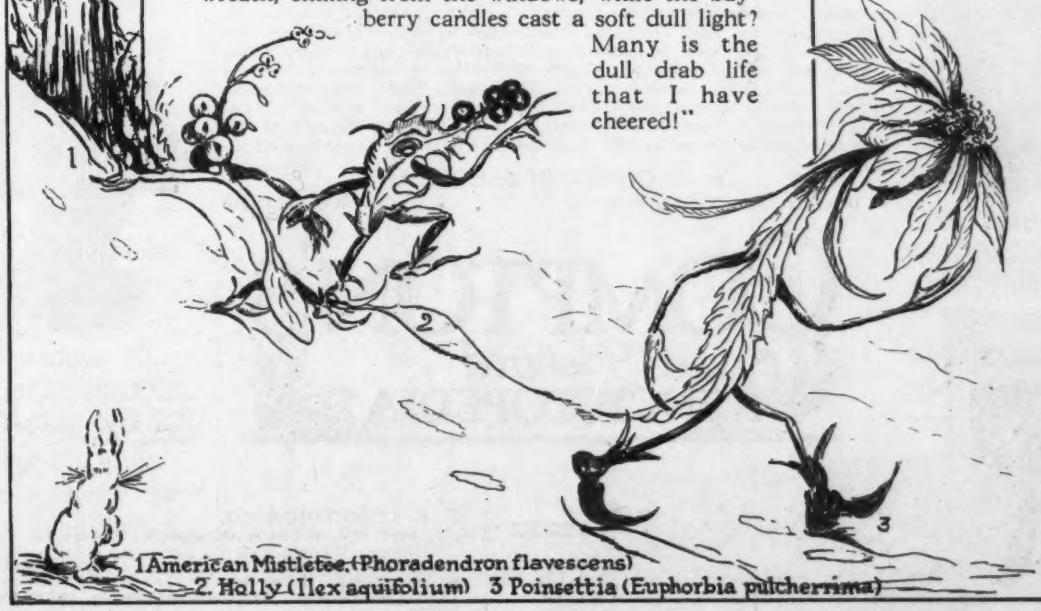
THE LAZY MISTLETOE

HOLLY: "Hurry up, Mistletoe, or we shall be too late to welcome in the New Year! I saw Father Time and Mother Nature talking together hours ago, and the little New Year called 1923 has just passed over the hill."

Mistletoe: "What's your hurry? We will arrive in time to hear the whistles blow, anyway, and besides my feet are so cold I can hardly walk. I am really not used to work, you know. The Apple Tree has supported me for years. I am called a parasite. But think how much happiness I bring every year, hanging from a chandelier! There are thousands of people who would never receive a kiss if I did not sort of urge them along. But, tell me, what are you good for?"

Holly: "Why, Mistletoe, where are your eyes? Haven't you seen me all twined in a beautiful wreath, smiling from the windows, while the bayberry candles cast a soft dull light?

Many is the dull drab life that I have cheered!"



1 American Mistletoe (*Phoradendron flavescens*)

2 Holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) 3 Poinsettia (*Euphorbia pulcherrima*)

Which Type of Child Is Yours?



RALPH

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RUTH

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JACK

Sensitive. Affectionate. Sympathetic. Backward socially, though strongly emotional.



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Which type of child shown here is yours? This you should know. If left entirely to himself he may develop only one side of his nature. Ralph's intellectuality may entirely smother the human and sympathetic side of his character. On the other hand, Ruth's emotional tendencies may upset her faculty for cool judgment.

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TYPES OF CHILDREN

JEANNE'S WASH DAY

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of the Mary Jane series, Foxy Squirrel in the Garden, Billy Robin and his neighbors, Junior Cook Book, The Camp at Gravel Point, etc.

THE bright sunshine flittered through the vines on the grape arbor in southern France and made gay patches of light and shadow on the walk.

"You went off the line there," Genevieve called to her sister. And she pointed with her foot to the place she meant.

"It's hard to see," replied Françoise, pleasantly, "because the vines make such a shadow. Let's make it plainer." She ran to a corner of the arbor where, among the grape-vine roots, she had put two blackened sticks.

The two sisters were playing hopscotch—just the same game that little girls in this country play. They

didn't often have to get neighboring children to play with them either, for there were four girls right in their own family: Violette, who

was ten, Genevieve, Françoise and little Jeanne, who was over by the end of the arbor now, busily undressing her best doll.

"Ugh! Dirty!" she said as she pulled off the frock. "I think you should have a nice, clean, fresh dress, I do."

"Excuse us, dear," said Genevieve, politely, stepping up to her, "but may we get those sticks back there? I took them from the fire this morn-

ing. Now we need them for hopscotch." She reached down and pulled out from



among the roots two charred sticks she had hidden. American children might have chalk or crayons but a little French girl must be very, *very* economical. So Genevieve had learned to save a bit of stick from the fire. With that blackened end she could make as good a hopscotch as one could ask for.

"See my dolly's dirty dress?" asked little Jeanne with a sad, maternal shake of her head. "I wish I were big enough to wash, I do."

"We'll wash it for you," suggested Françoise, kindly. "You get all the soiled clothes ready and we'll do them up as nice as can be, after we finish this match." Then she started marking the fresh lines on the hopscotch field.

"Will you really!" exclaimed the little sister delightedly. "But can mother spare the water?"

"I expect not," replied Françoise. "But we don't need to take water from the kitchen.

Two hours ago our laundry-woman went down to the river, and, if we hurry, I am sure we can get there before she has finished."

"But mother won't want us to bother her," objected Jeanne.

"Surely not, dearest," laughed Genevieve. "But you should see what good washers Françoise and I can be. You get all the clothes ready and we'll go in a few minutes."

While the hopscotch match went on in earnest, little Jeanne ran into the house to get every bit of soiled doll clothing. A chance to go down to the river didn't come every day.

"Genevieve and Françoise are going a-wash-

ing for me," she cried happily, as she danced into the kitchen. "They're going to wash all the clothes I want for my dolly!"

"That's good," replied her mother, approvingly.

"One of these days the ice will be here, and it will be much too cold to bother with doll clothes, deary-mine. Violette is through her work now, and she may go, too. Hurry on as soon as you can. And when you come back, I will give you crêpes for luncheon!" Crêpe was a flat, rather tough cake, baked like a small griddle cake, spread with jam, and rolled up and eaten with the fingers, like a jelly-roll.

"Goody! Goody! Goody!" cried Jeanne gaily, "you're a darling mother!"

"Skip along then," laughed

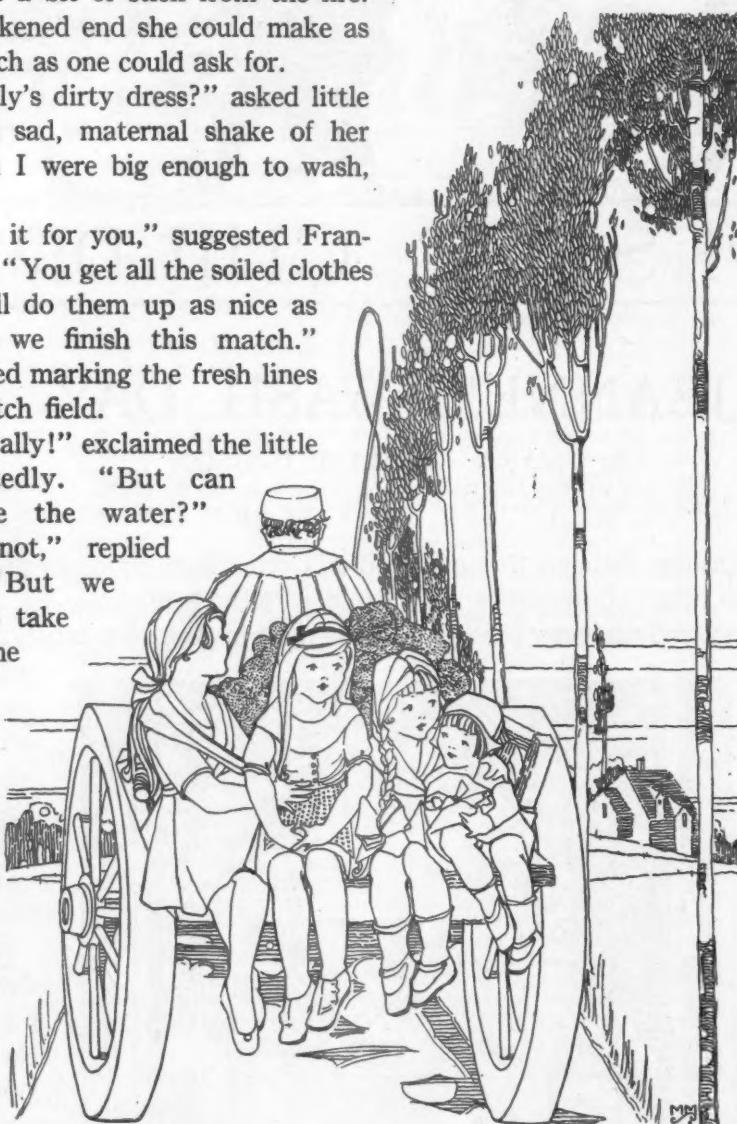
her mother. "And don't be late for luncheon."

"And now I am ready, too," said Violette, coming into the kitchen to put the broom and dustpan away.

Jeanne quickly gathered up the soiled clothes and soon the sisters strolled off.

On the road they met neighbor Delamont going in his two-wheeled cart to market.

"I'll take you for a ride, ladies," he said invitingly. Of course the girls were delighted, and gaily scrambled up on the cart.



"You've a nice lot of stuff," said Violette, as she carefully looked over his wares.

"Yes, for so late," he agreed. "But the goat, naughty thing, knocked the fence down and got into the cauliflower patch. Two whole cauliflowers did he eat, the greedy thing, and all that money do I lose!"

The three younger girls couldn't help laughing at the face their friend made, but Violette was very sorry, for she knew that for folks who were far, far from rich, each cauliflower was most important.

"Never mind," she said, comfortingly, "I have one fine big cauliflower in my own garden patch. I will give it to you, for you are so kind to us."

"Thank you for the offer, little lady," said the neighbor, vastly pleased at her thoughtfulness, "but with four fine girls to feed you need cauliflowers in your house. And where are you going?" he added.

"To the river to wash doll clothes," replied Violette. "If you will be good enough to let us off by the bridge, we will thank you."

Ten minutes more and the four little girls had scrambled down the bank, found their own laundry-woman, begged for a bit of soap and the washboard she had finished using, and were hard at work scrubbing the doll clothes. The three older girls took turns at the board, while Jeanne helped sort and rinse. The pile of clean clothes grew bigger and soon it would be time to hang the washing out in their own sunny garden.

"Now there are only two more petticoats,"

said Jeanne. "Please, Violette, let me scrub those on the board—it's such fun!"

Violette showed her sister just how to rub on the soap, find the soiled spots and rub those; then she let her try it for herself.

"Count the pieces now, sister," said careful Violette, turning to Françoise. Then she turned back—*just* in time to see Jeanne tumble, head first, into the river! Little Jeanne had been more energetic than steady as she bent down and scrubbed!

Such confusion as there was then! Jeanne shrieked, Genevieve screamed, and Françoise and Violette both jumped into the water after the child. Of course, the water wasn't so very deep, and quickly Jeanne, dripping and frightened, was landed safely on the shore.

"I think the clothes are clean enough," she said, positively. "Let's go home!"

Fortunately she had been working on the last piece when the tumble came; so it was not hard work to fish out that piece which Jeanne had carried into the water with her, and to pack up their things. Then they started for home.

Everybody helped get Jeanne into dry clothes, and the delicious crêpes, which mother had ready for them, were eaten in the warm sunshine; so Jeanne was soon very warm.

"Anyway," she said, as she began on the third crêpe, "my dolly's clothes are all clean, and I guess I am, too!"





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A STORY of THE LAND of YOUTH

by Padraic Colum

Author of Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said, Children of Odin, The King of Ireland's Son, Boy in Eirinn, Adventures of Odysseus, etc.

NTIR-NAN-OGE which is the Land of Youth every one remains forever young; the winds and rains are never rough nor heavy; the leaves and the blossoms stay forever on the tree, and no one is uneasy in his mind there, unless, maybe, the King himself.

And why should the King be uneasy, you will ask? Because the King is let rule only from one seven years to another seven years. At the end of seven years he has to lay down his crown and try to win his Kingship back again.

The Kingship is won by the running of a race. Two men stand together in front of the King's Castle and then they start off in a race to the top of the Hill where the King's royal chair is placed. Whoever comes to that chair first and sits in it will be King for seven years—yes, and beyond seven years if there be no Champion to come against him and outstrip him in the race.

Once, long ago, a King ruled in Tir-nan-Oge whom no one could outstrip. He ruled for years and years and years. But as years went on he became very uneasy in his mind, for the thought came to him that one day a Champion would appear who would beat him in the race to the royal chair and so become King in his stead. He was very troubled by this thought, and one day he sent

for his Druid and he asked him if there was a Champion in Tir-nan-Oge or the world outside of it who could take the crown from him.

"Only he who becomes the husband of your daughter can take the crown from you," the Druid said.

When the King heard this he made up his mind that his daughter should never get a man to marry her. He had her changed, his daughter Niav Golden Head, from a beautiful maiden into a creature that no one would think of marrying. The Druid struck her with a magic wand, and then, instead of her own golden head and lovely features she had a beast's head above her shoulders.

And when she saw herself with the beast's head above her shoulders the King's daughter fled into the wild places, far away from people. And in the wild and waste places, Niav Golden Head, the King's daughter, lived for long. But one day she took a salmon out of a stream, and when she had tasted the flesh of that salmon she knew a way of getting her own head and features back. For the Salmon had eaten of the Nuts of Knowledge that fall into the Well of Wisdom, and whatever ate of these nuts knew everything that they wanted to know.

Now there was in Eirinn a band of heroes, the best men in the world, and they were known as the Fianna. Finn MacCool was their Captain. And Niav knew that if she

could get a man of the blood of Finn to marry her as she was, with the beast's head upon her, she would be changed back into her own form, and her own head of gold and her own features of brightness would be given back to her.

Now when Niav knew this her whole heart was set upon going to Eirinn. She could go there for she owned a wonderful steed, a steed that could cross the waters as one of our steeds could cross the plains. She mounted the steed and she rode over the plains until she came to the green land of Eirinn-O. Then she left her steed in a cave beside the seashore and she went to the mountain where the Fianna had their hunting booths.

And when she showed herself there all who caught sight of her drew away, so ugly she looked with the beast's head upon her shoulders. Still she lived near the encampment and each day she looked on the different heroes of the Fianna. And of all of whom she saw the one who seemed best to her mind was Oisin, the son of Finn, the Captain of the Fianna.

One day she followed Oisin when he went to the hunt alone. He went over the hills with his three hounds. Great was the quantity of game that he killed—deer and hares and boars and birds. When he stood before the heap he wondered how he could carry all the game back to the hunting booths of the Fianna. It was then

that Niav came from her hiding place and stood before him.

And when Oisin saw this strange woman with the beast's head upon her, you may be sure he wanted to draw away from her. But Niav spoke and her voice was so sweet that he stayed. "Oisin," she said, "do not leave behind any of the game you have had the trouble of hunting and killing. Come now. I will help you to carry it to the hunting booths of the Fianna."

She took some and he took some and they carried their bundles on their shoulders. As they went down the hill together she sang a song that was a delight to him. And when they were tired with their travelling they sat together. Oisin saw her arms and her hands and her shoulders. No queen's arms and hands and shoulders were so white and so lovely. "Who are you?" Oisin said, "who are you that have so much beauty and so much ugliness?"

"Oisin," she said, "I am the daughter of the King of Tir-nan-Oge, the Land of Youth, where there are no birds but cuckoos, no grass but four-leaved clover, no streams that are not of wine. The beast's head that you see upon me is not my own. It was put upon me by the stroke of a magic wand."

They stood up and they went up the mountain-side together. When they parted Oisin gave her a kiss on the hand.

The next day she helped him to carry home the game he



killed; they walked up the hill together and sat for a while upon it, and when they parted he gave her a kiss on the shoulder.

And the day after that they carried home the game together. When they were parting Niav said: "The beast's head will be taken off me when one of the blood of Finn marries me as I am. Now if you give me a kiss to-day, Oisin, let it be the marriage-kiss upon my mouth."

He kissed her upon the mouth and she became transformed. He saw before him then, not one with a beast's head, but the loveliest maiden in all the world —Niav, the daughter of the King of Tir-nan-Oge.

"Now you must come with me to my own land, Oisin," Niav said.

So deeply did Oisin love her that he left his friends and his own land and went with Niav. She had left her steed in a cave beside the seashore. She brought the steed out now and she and Oisin mounted upon it and they rode across the waves. On and on they rode across the ocean until they came to Tir-nan-Oge where there are no birds but cuckoos, no grass but four-leaved clover, no streams but those that run with wine. And on the day they came to that land the Champions were there to race against the King.

Oisin went amongst them and he joined in the race. It was he who reached the top of the hill the first, and it was he who seated himself in the royal chair. And after that he was King in the place of Niav's father.

It was happy to be in the land of Tir-nan-Oge; no one ever grew old there; rough winds

and heavy rain never came; the leaves and the blossoms were always the same on the trees. Oisin had everything that his heart could wish for, and his youth and his strength ever remained the same. But one day he said to Niav, his wife, "I have a wish that stays near my heart—the wish to go back to Eirinn and see my father and my friends again."

Niav wept when she heard him say this. "How long do you think it is, Oisin," she said, "since we left Eirinn together?"

"It is every day of three years," he said.

"It is every day of three hundred years," she said. "Three hundred years have passed since you came to Tir-nan-Oge, the Land of Youth, with me."

Oisin wept then, for he thought of all that must have happened in Eirinn in that great stretch of time. And yet, more and more he wished to go back and see if there was any trace or memory of Finn and the Fianna. And then his wife Niav, seeing that his heart was set upon going, gave him the steed that could travel over the waves. And when he was starting off she came to him and she said, "You can only come back to the Land of Youth if your foot never touches the ground of Eirinn. Keep always upon the steed I have given you, and never dismount off it. And in Tir-nan-Oge, the Land of Youth, I will await for your return."

He rode across the waves until his steed came to the green land of Eirinn-O. Oisin rode upon the ground, seeking traces of Finn and the Fianna. He heard no tale nor tidings



of them, and no one like to them did he see in all the land.

In a certain spot in the land of Eirinn there was a trumpet hidden. If any of the Fianna blew upon it the rest would hear and come to the help of him who blew the summons. Oisin now rode to where this trumpet, the Borabu, was hidden. Before he went back to the Land of Youth he would sound it, he thought.

He came to the great flagstone under which the Borabu was hidden. A herdsman was in the field near by, and Oisin called to him. "Lift up the flagstone for me," he said.

"Neither I nor twenty men like me could raise that flagstone," said the herdsman.

Oisin rode to the flagstone, and stooping down, raised an end of it. The Borabu was there. "Lift up the trumpet," he said, "and give it to me."

"Neither I nor three men like me could lift up that trumpet," said the herdsman.

Then Oisin flung the stone back, and, stooping from his steed, put his hands upon the trumpet. So eager was he to lift it to his mouth that, in raising it, he let one of his feet touch the ground. In an instant the steed had gone from under him and he was left lying on the earth.

The herdsman came up and saw an old, old man on the ground. Oisin was now old and feeble. He went with the herdsman and stayed in his hut for a time, and from the herdsman he learned that the Fianna were all dead, and that their name was hardly remembered in the land.

And Niav in Tir-nan-Oge, when the steed that Oisin rode returned to her, knew all that had happened. And no one from Eirinn ever came again to that land where there are no birds but cuckoos, no grass but four-leaved clover, no streams but those that run with wine.

WING DREAMS

DIXIE WILLSON

I WISH that I could dream me dreams
That magically come true—
Like fuzzy wuzzy wormy squirmey
Caterpillars do.

A caterpillar dreams himself
Right out of all his fuzz
And into lovely fairy wings.
I wonder how he does?





PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

THE SANDMAN'S BROTHER

By T. C. O'DONNELL

CHARACTERS

TOMMY: about eight and growing on about nine, is dressed in warm outdoor things.

JANE: Tommy's sister, and a year younger.

LINK: an impish, Pucky little figure, with pointed cap and long-toed shoes, substituting for the Sandman.

GLUB: a snow man, at right of stage as curtain rises.

CHUB: the other snow man, distinguished by having a larger—oh, much larger!—black right eye than Glub.

The scene is the front yard of any house, with cotton batting snow and snow-sparkle on the ground. The back of the stage represents the front of a house, with window at right, and door with steps at left. Branches from shrubs, placed just in front of the house, will add touch of reality. Well back toward house are two snow men, one on either side. Obviously they are not used to being snow men, for when the curtain goes up Tommy is having a hard time trying to keep them on their feet; he no sooner has one standing straight than the other one starts to sway, and so on. It is late evening, with lamplight shining from the window. For the first half minute this furnishes the only light for the stage, and then the stage is full-lighted.

TOMMY (bringing Chub, who has been swaying slightly, to a standstill): There, now I hope you will stay—so. (Crossing over and adjusting Glub:) And you, too. You are worse than—than—(sits down against Glub, chin cupped in hands, elbows on knees, and then starts to think it out)—let's see now just what it is you are worse than—

CHORUS OF SNOW MEN: all snow mens' costumes should be padded out to pudginess; masks or false faces also should be padded, with eyes cut in them for the actors to see through.

OWLS: as many as desired, though not less than five. Children dressed in dark brown, with cloth bags dropped over heads, with corners tied to form owl ears, and holes cut for eyes, bound with frill of orange crepe paper.

[Just then he sees Chub swaying again, and hastens to straighten him up again. At this minute Jane is seen in the window.]

TOMMY (getting Chub settled and giving him a smart smack on the back): There, now I hope you will stay—

JANE (enters, left): Tommy, Mamma says to come in now. (Seeing Chub's head drooping, sadly:) Tommy, you mustn't hurt the poor snow man. (Puts her arm around Chub.) Poor snow man!

[Tommy goes indoors, left, as Chub begins to shake and sob on Jane's shoulder.]

JANE: Why—why you're crying, poor—Can you talk, too?

CHUB: Ch-Chub!

JANE: Chub? What's your name?

CHUB: Chub!

JANE: Well if that's your name it's not so awfully pretty. But it's better than not having any name, isn't it? (Going over to Glub:) And can you talk, too?

GLUB: Glub—Glub!

JANE: Glub and Chub! (Taking



their hands:) You dear little men! Can you walk? [As Jane pulls gently at their hands they start swaying again, only to find they can take steps. Then all three, holding hands, romp, as they sing.]

ALL THREE: We love the snow and ice time,
We play and have a nice time.
We slide and skate—it's hard to wait
Till winter comes and—

JANE (stopping as Chub starts to sob again, and putting her arm about him): It's because Tommy smacked you, I know it is. Come in the house and I'll get you all warmed up!

CHUB (as he and Jane go off stage, right): What is "warm"?

GLUB: Good-bye, Chub!

OWLS (off-stage): Who, who?

GLUB (startled): Chub!

OWLS (entering, right, and forming a circle around Glub, and softly chanting): Sh—the Sandman's coming now. We hear his footfall near. Don't go to sleep without a dream—Sh-sh—he's almost here!

GLUB: Who are you?

OWLS (leaving stage, right): We're watchers over snow men!

CHUB (entering, left, cheeks flushed, and reduced fully half, as from melting in the warm house): Glub, I know what "warm" is now, and—

GLUB (softly): Sh—the Sandman's coming now—oh, the Owls were here and said we could have a dream if the Sandman came and—

CHUB: I don't want to dream—I just want to get cold-frozen!

[Plink enters, right, with bag of sleep sand over his shoulder and, apparently unfamiliar with his surroundings, for he looks this way and that.]

PLINK (to himself, as he finally stops in front of Chub, sets the bag of sand on the ground and reaches for a handful): Blink once told me he always sprinkles some sand in every boy's and girl's eyes, so—

CHUB: Here, what are you doing?

PLINK: Putting you to sleep. Blink—Blink is the Sandman, you know, and my brother—Blink couldn't come tonight. We couldn't wake him up from his nap, and so I came in his place.

CHUB: But I don't want to go to sleep. Why, I've just learned to talk and walk. I want to see and say things.

GLUB: Anyhow we can't sleep—because we haven't any dreams, and you have to have dreams when you sleep.

PLINK: I have some dreams with me. My pockets are full of them. (Reaching in his pockets, but finding none:) Why, why I forgot and left them at home in my other coat. I'll go fetch them, and be right back.

[He goes off stage, right, leaving sleep sand bag.]

GLUB: Goody, we're going to have a dream!

TOMMY (entering, left, with Jane): How do you feel now, Chub?

CHUB: I'm all right now—nice and cold, thank you!

TOMMY (to Jane): I don't feel any sleepier 'n an owl. Do you?

JANE: No. Maybe the Sandman won't come to night.

TOMMY (spying sleep sand bag):

Why—why he's here now—around somewhere. There's his sleep sand. Oh, (about to take the bag) let's get it so he can't put us to sleep.

OWLS (off stage): Who, who?

TOMMY: The Sandman. (To Jane:) Maybe that is he now—quick!

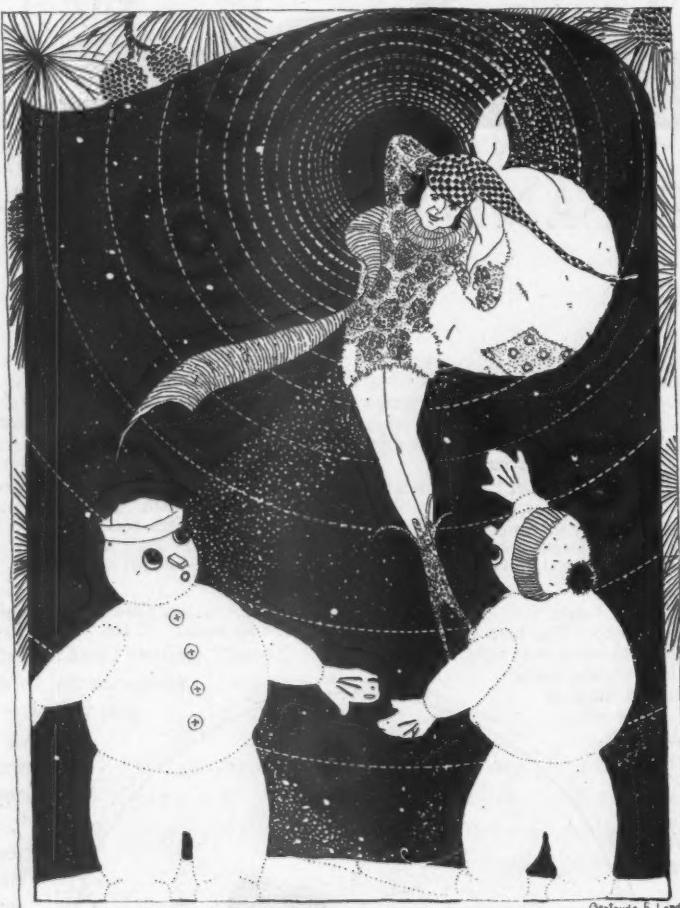
[He takes a step toward the bag, when the Owls enter, right, and come between Tommy and the bag, forming a circle around Tommy, Jane Betty, and the two snow men.]

OWLS (entering and with a simple dance movement): We are the winky, blinky, whoo-hooo owls, We're not like the chicksy, tricksy shoo-shoo fowls.

We watch all night o'er snow men's seemsy, creamsy dreams, (filing off stage, right).

JANE: Dreams—!

TOMMY: For snow men!



GLUB: Yes, the Owls said the Sandman could bring us dreams.

JANE: And Tommy, you said even if snow men could talk and walk they couldn't dream.

TOMMY: I'm sorry—(to Chub and Glub) because I do want everybody to have dreams. I just love people who have dreams, and I'm sorry I smacked you, Chub—(very penitent) I'd be sorry even if you couldn't dream, and—

JANE: We love everything that much, don't we Tommy—not to want to hurt them. The birds because they can sing, and the flowers because they can't, and—

TOMMY: Oh, I think I hear him now—the Sandman! Let's hurry—I don't want him to catch me and put me to sleep, because—

GLUB: But I thought you loved to sleep and have dreams.

TOMMY: Oh, just once—just once I'd like to stay up all night and—well, just stay up all night and not have to go to bed.

[They listen, as a voice comes closer, singing to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home."]

PLINK (off stage):

When the Hum-Hum Sun
Sets behind the Yawn-Yawn Sea,
That grand man, the Sandman—

[Plink enters, right, just as Tommy and Jane scurry off stage, left, Tommy motioning her to go silently.]

GLUB: Did you find our dreams?

PLINK (indicating his bulging pockets):

Sing a song of sixpence,
My pockets full of dreams,
But there wasn't one for snow men,
By the Nodland creamy streams.



CHUB: Oh, what shall we do?

PLINK (striking a thoughtful pose):

Wait a wink,
And let Plink
Think!

Oh, I know—maybe if I put you to sleep hard enough you'll have a dream.

So (taking up the bag of sleep sand) get ready to feel sleepy.



[Plink throws the sand, handfuls of it, over Glub and Chub. This should be confetti, made of as many colors as possible, and cut finely.]

GLUB: Do you feel drowsy, Chub?

CHUB: I'm afraid I don't know howsy, Glub
Do you?

PLINK (the sand half gone): No wonder. (Looking closely at Chub's big right eye:) Nobody could shut an eye like that. (He proceeds to take off Chub's big eye and pin it on his breast, like a medal.) There, now (throwing sand again) maybe you can get sleepy.

CHUB: I'm awaker than ever, aren't you, Glub?

GLUB: I wonder if it's really true—about sleep? Maybe you have to go to sleep first and feel sleepy afterward. (To Plink:) Do you?

PLINK: How should I know? I never was sleepy. In the Land of Nod you just sleep. You are standing so (he demonstrates), and suddenly a bit of sleep sand hits you on an eye, and that minute you are asleep, so (bringing his eyes sharply shut).

CHUB: Clear shut?

PLINK: Clear shut. Wherever you are—even if you're diving off a tree into Custard Pond, you go to sleep right in the air, and you stay there with

your jump until you wake up. Then when you wake up you go the rest of the way, splash, into the delicious custard. Yum, yum!

CHUB: What's custard?

PLINK (*pityingly*): Why, custard is—oh, look, the sand's all gone. Now I can't put *anybody* to sleep.

GLUB: And we can't have our dreams, because you can't dream without going to sleep, and—

PLINK: Anyhow, you know, I must hurry away.

CHUB: But first you must put my eye back.

PLINK: I can't wait. Tommy will be terribly angry when he finds I can't put him to sleep.

CHUB: I don't believe you know Tommy so very well.

OWLS (*off stage*): Who, who?

CHUB (*answering*): Tommy!

PLINK (*starting to go*): Sh—not so loud; he'll hear you.

OWLS (*entering, right, and circling round Plink so he can't leave*):

Just think, Plink, think,

If you can't find a single wink.
Even the tiniest blink

Would have a little bit of dream

For Glub and Chub (*file off stage*)—

Now think, Plink, think.

[*Plink strikes an attitude of deep thought.*]

CHUB: Let me think. Oh, I know—ask Tommy!

OWLS (*as last one goes off stage*): Who, who?

CHUB (*loudly*): Tommy!

TOMMY (*entering, left, quickly, as Plink shows fear*): Did you call? It sounded kind of Chubby-Glubby.

GLUB: Yes, we can't go to sleep and have a dream now.

CHUB: And we haven't a dream, so we can't go to sleep. Be-because Plink used up all his sleep sand on us, and he won't even put my eye back.

TOMMY (*joyfully*): The sand's all gone?

PLINK: All—each and every all, small and tall!

TOMMY (*throwing his arms in a big hug around Plink*): Oh, now I won't have to go to bed all

night, and—Poor old Chub and Glub, though. . . . Oh, I know, I'll give them one of my dreams. Put his eye back, Plink—(*as Plink obeys*) he never could sleep *that* way. . . . Now, ready, shut your eyes.

[*They put their hands over their eyes.*]

PLINK: Have you got a dream?

CHUB AND GLUB (*putting their hands down*): No, not a dream, or a seem like a dream.

PLINK: Of course—you can't dream unless you are asleep.

TOMMY: I can—oh, I know—I'll let you have one of my day dreams. Now keep your eyes *open* for my favorite—

CHUB AND GLUB (*slowly, to each other, overwhelmed by Tommy's big word*): Fa-vor-ite!

TOMMY: My favorite day dream.

[*The stage is darkened, and a small opening in back curtain, or in a drop, permits of a tableau, a scene showing a boy dressed like a snow man, but with plumed military hat, medals on breast, and sword in hand, as though leading a charge of snow troops. This is but for an instant, and then, as curtain is restored and lights come on, there enter at right a line of eight or ten little snow men, like the tableau figure, singing the following song, with a simple drill movement, in which Tommy, Chub, Glub, and Plink join:*]

SONG (tune of "Tramp, Tramp Tramp"):

We are Jack Frost's army true,
We're brave soldiers, though we're few,
We stand guard in every yard the whole night
through—

OWLS (*entering, right, and solemnly joining the movement*):

We are Snow Men's
Watchers, though,
In the wind and
In the snow—

ALL (*as Jane enters, right, carrying Jack Frost's banner, a red field, with white snow-flake designs, five of them, to audience*):

And now home—Good-night, and pleasant dreams (*indicating*) to you!

(CURTAIN)



OUR SHOW

MARJORIE BARROWS

WE CHARGED two cents to get inside
And John stood by our tent and cried,
"Come to our show!" And then he'd say,
"Your tickets, please! Just step this way!"

And when the audience had come
Dick took his tissue-comb and drum
And made some music loud and grand
Because he was our Jackie Band.

Then Jane stood up and spoke a piece
How Jason found the Golden Fleece,
Till she forgot the rest, and then
She stopped and just sat down again.

Next Alice sang a trilly song
That stretched her mouth out very long,
And then she sang about John Brown
And made her tongue go up and down

Until the baby thought he'd cry,
Then Alice stopped and said, "Oh, my!"
And Johnny hushed the baby's wails
By drawing pigs with corkscrew tails.

Dressed in a nightie of her aunt's,
Now Helen did a Grecian dance;
She waved a towel and a rose
And sort of twinkled up her toes.

I told them all a story then
About some little Brownie men,
And Rover, who had got in free,
Just barked and clapped his tail for me.

Then all of us, when we were through,
Talked of the splendid things we'd do
When we our fame and fortune made,
And then we drank some lemonade.



BABY will tell you by his gurgles of delight how happy he is when he has Tom Tinker for a playmate. Tom's bright colors won't come off. He is very strong and durable. Rattlebox, too, is a great favorite. He is an attractively colored rattle toy on wheels, with a heavy cord fastened securely for pulling.



TINKER TOYS

All children love them

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Tinkertoy
Tom Tinker
Whirly Tinker

Tinker Beads
Radio Tinker
Belle Tinker

Follo-Me-Tinker
Siren Tinker
Tilly Tinker

Rattle Box Tinker
Turtle Tinker
Choo Choo Tinker

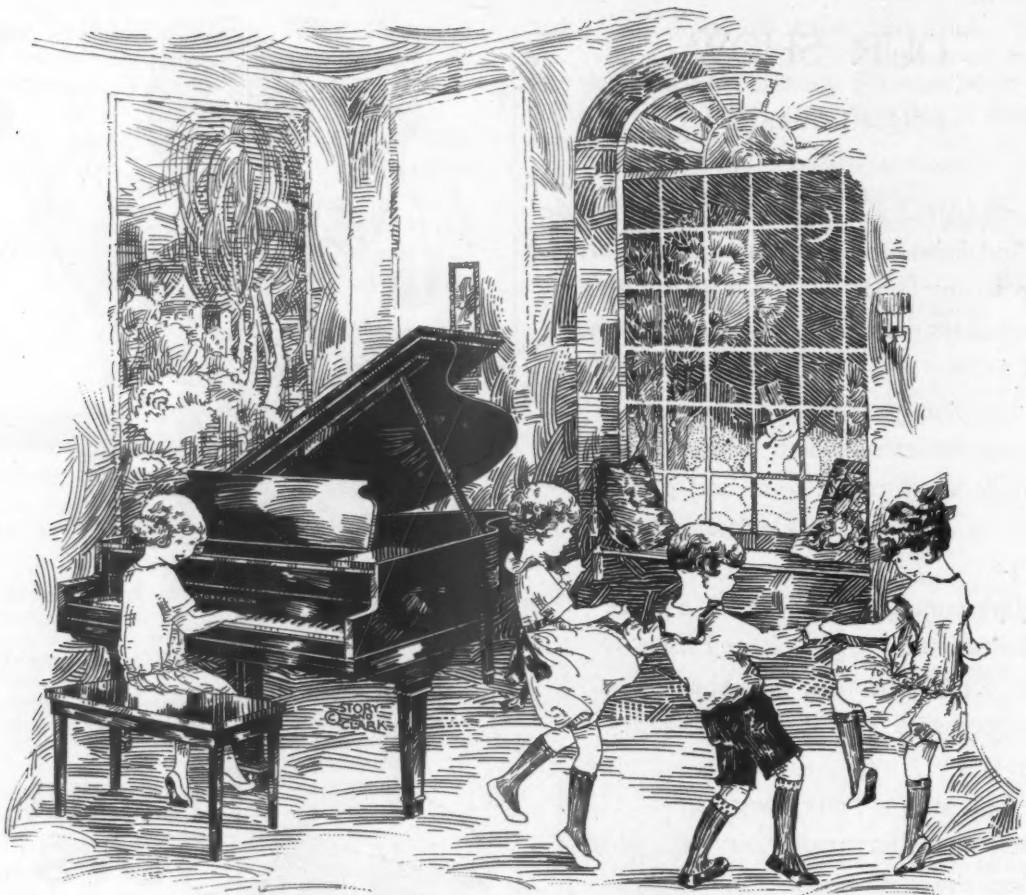
Giant Tinker
Bendy Tinker
Jumpy Tinker

When the snow covers all outdoors and there are many hours for indoor play—Tinker Toys will fill these hours with happiness. Tinker Beads are beautifully colored, the colors are fast. There are two heavy cords for stringing included in the box.

Tinker Toys are for sale in most toy stores and department stores. The prices range from \$5.00 to \$1.00. If, however, you are unable to purchase them send us your dealer's name and we will see that he is supplied. Your children will be delighted with our beautiful booklet, illustrated in brilliant colors picturing the Toy Tinker family. Send us your name and you will receive the booklet.

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MUSICAL GEOGRAPHY THE MUSIC OF GREECE

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

Author of What We Hear in Music, Music in the Home, etc.

WHAT music are we to hear when we go to Music Land this new year?" asked Doris one evening as the family gathered in the comfortable living room after dinner.

"I have been talking it over with Mother," replied Father, "and we thought you young folks would like to play 'Musical Geography.'"

"How do you play it?" asked Dick.

"Well, I think we will have to work that out together," replied Father. "The idea really came to me from a letter that we received from Aunt Margaret last week, written just before her steamer landed. You remember she said, 'I suppose I shall hear much interesting music and I'll find out all I can about it and tell you when I get back.' Well, then, today I received another letter written from Greece and it tells so much about music that I thought we would hear some of the selections ourselves. So tonight the Music Land we will visit will be Greece, where we will find some of the oldest music in the world."

"I want to tell you, first," added Father, "that the boys and girls of ancient Greece had only two studies at school, music and athletics."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Mabel. "I wish I had lived then. Why, they didn't have any arithmetic or spelling or any disagreeable studies at all to do in those days, did they?"

"They had all the studies we do today and some more besides," replied Father, "but they were all classified under the heading of music, which the Greeks considered very important."

"I know one story about music and the Greeks," said Dick. "It is about how Marysas and Apollo fought a musical duel and Marysas played the flute and Apollo the lyre and Apollo played the longer and Marysas had to give him his skin."

"That is one of the oldest stories about music in the world," laughed Father, "and it proves that the stringed instruments are the most important musical instruments because they are not dependent on the breath of the performers. It is just as true today as it was with the ancients. There are a great many stories about music in Greek mythology and I would like to have you look up the one about Apollo finding his lyre, about Pan and his pipes, about Orpheus and Eurydice, Arion, King Aeolus and his wind harp and Anacreon. Many great musicians have told us stories in music about them. In fact there are so many stories about music in all the legends of Greece that this alone proves how fond the Greeks were of music."

"Many people believe that the stories told by Homer in his "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were originally sung by old Greek bards. And the chorus of the Greek theatre was most important."

"The Greeks learned their science of music

from the Egyptians but as their principal instrument was a four-stringed lyre, they had a very strange four-tone scale which was called a tetrachord. Yet much of the music which our present day composers are now writing is built on these very same scales."

"Did the Greeks write their music down with notes?" asked Mabel.

"Yes, they did," replied Father. "They had a kind of musical shorthand and they put down over the word a strange little character which indicated the breath was to be taken there. These signs were called 'neums' which were from the same

root as our word pneumatic, and they meant 'Take breath here.' Then if you knew the type of tune you were to use for these words there would be little difficulty in carrying the air."

"Isn't that a funny way to do?" said Dick. "Can anyone read those neums now?"

"There are a few great students who can," said Father. "One of them found the music for the 'Hymn to Apollo' by deciphering those neums. There is something about that in Aunt Margaret's letter:

We went today up to Delphi where the old temple to the Pythian Apollo was erected. Maybe you know that it was here the French found the two tablets of stone I saw today. These have the old "Hymn to Apollo" on them in the

third century neum notation. I send you a picture of them and maybe you can buy the record of this old song and let the children hear it.

"So I brought this record home with me," said Father, as he wound the phonograph, and the clear voice rang out, "I will sing in praise of Thee, glorious son of Zeus!"

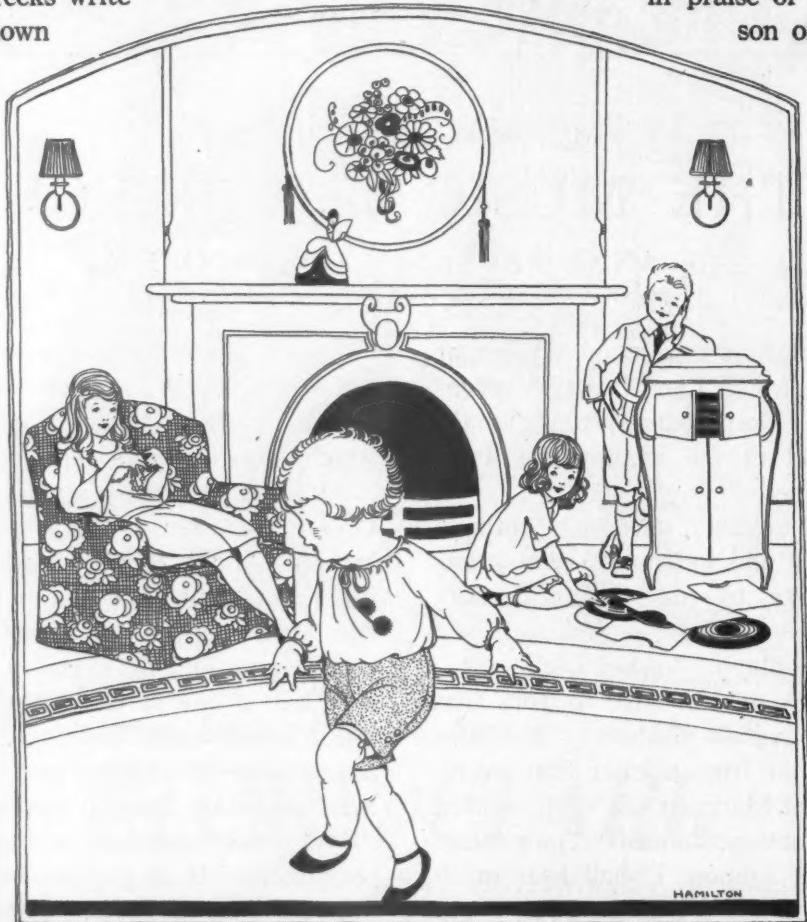
"Isn't it wonderful that that song written three hundred years before Christ can be heard here in our own homes in the twentieth century?" said Mother, when the record was finished.

"I wonder if you heard the strange 5/4 rhythm of the second part," said Father.

"I'll let you hear it again and listen for that. It is a very old, unusual rhythm." When the record was finished for the second time Father took up Aunt Margaret's letter again:

Never in my life have I heard more wonderful religious music than I did when we visited the orthodox Greek cathedral last Sunday. The deep tones of the basses, the wonderful high clear boys' voices, and the deep solemn religious music deeply affected me. I wish you could all have heard it.

"Well, the best we can do is to hear it on a record," said Father, "so now I shall let you hear some of the old religious music of the Greeks. They adapted many of their chants from the Hebrews and I feel that these two,



the 'Kyrie Kekraxa' and the 'Kinonikon' are not only two very beautiful ones, but express true religious feeling as well."

"Don't the Greeks have any folk songs?" asked Doris.

"Why, of course, Pussy," replied Father, and Aunt Margaret speaks of them too:

The folk songs I have heard are very beautiful—possibly more plaintive than the songs of Italy, but very exquisite. Of course, being in this land where water is so near on every side, many of the songs are of the sea, and even in the love songs some mention of boats and sailing is usually found. Many of these love

songs date back to the days of Sappho. They are very different from the mountain songs which can be traced back to the earliest days of the Greek heroes. These are usually accompanied by the flute or pipes and are rarely to be heard. We had an interesting experience in going up to one of these old mountain villages on a feast day and we heard some lovely old folk songs there.

"Well, when I asked the record dealer about those, he didn't know at first that they had any, but we finally found two that I brought home. One is called 'Roumeliotica' and the other 'Clestopoula,' which is a song about a chicken thief."

"It sounds like a dance," said Mother.

"Look at Tommy—he is dancing." The family all laughed heartily. "Yes," said Father, "these old songs all have a dance-like accompaniment and that is a good example of the folk dance song. But there is something more I want to read from Aunt Margaret's letter before we close:

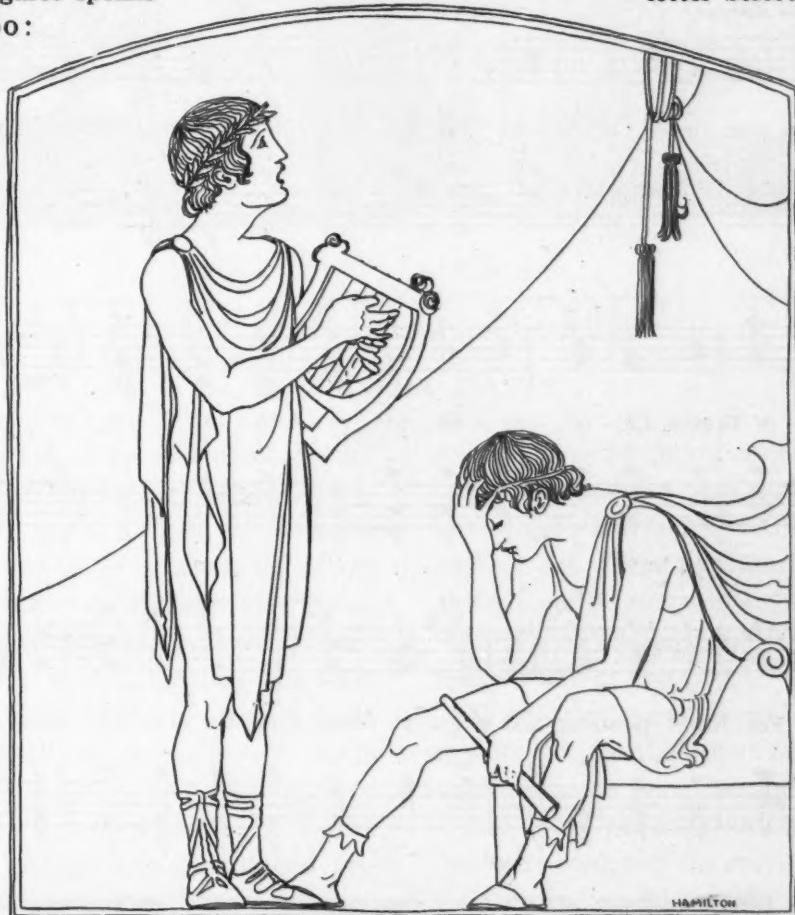
Of course, Greece has been so upset for months that war songs are constantly heard in the little towns as well as the big cities. We heard one troop marching in Athens singing the Manzuro "Hymn to Freedom," which you remember has been the national air ever since King George I was the king of Greece. Yet many of the troops still prefer and

use the oldest Greek war song "Lift Your Eyes, Men of Greece," which was so popular during the Turkish-Greek war a hundred years ago. I am sure Dick and Doris will find this very thrilling.

"And I've found," said Father, "a translation of this song made by Lord Byron. So we will just try and sing it ourselves, to close our musical journey to Greece."

Then Mabel played the old air twice and all the family sang of that freedom which the Greeks have always loved and know will come to them again.

"I think this Musical Geography is a great game!" said Dick, as he kissed Father good night, and followed Doris up the stairs.



LIFT YOUR EYES, MEN OF GREECE
(GRECIAN WAR SONG)

THIS is a very old patriotic song of Greece which is still popular. The authorship of both the words and music is unknown. It was sung constantly during the War of Independence between the Greeks and Turks. Lord Byron wrote a translation of these words in 1810.

English Words by
MICHAEL GEOVANES

Old Grecian Air
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer

Tempo di Marcia

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The top staff shows the vocal line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is provided on the remaining four staves, featuring bass and harmonic chords. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part starts with a mezzo-forte dynamic (mf) and includes several melodic phrases with varying dynamics (crescendo, decrescendo, forte). The piano part features sustained notes and rhythmic patterns typical of a military march.

Lift your eyes, men of Greece, To the sun of Free-dom burn-ing; Once a -
 gain, men of Greece, Lib - er - ty to us re - turn - ing! Let ev - 'ry ty - rant
 trem - ble, For Right is strong and might - y! Come! heed the cry, "To arms! to arms!" And
 strike for Lib - er - ty! Come! heed the cry, "To arms! to arms!" And strike for Lib - er -
 ty! To arms! The sword! To arms! The sword! A - rise! A - rise!



THE LITTLE LAME STORY TELLER

By MAXINE DAVIS

AND as the last defeated knight rode off dejectedly, his shield carried so carelessly it clattered with a mournful sound against the silver ornamenting of the saddle, and as the drawbridge was being pulled up to hide the gallant young prince, his armor dented but still bright, bending his curly brown head over the hand of the fair Lady Griselda—pouf! the whole castle went up in flames.

And the boys gathered about "Lucky Brown's" fire, sighed with delight and prepared to go home to supper. They had been listening on this dark winter day to Walter Scott, telling one of his wonderful tales. They had crowded around the little lame boy, who could tell stories as no one else could, and indeed as few ever have since! They could see the pictures in the fire while he related the adventures of the knights of old. And the towers of the castle gleamed red-gold as he talked.

Walter Scott was lame, but he was the jolliest and bravest lad that ever loved the Scotland hills. After his early years had been spent in the country, he went to the high school. You may be sure his mother worried when she kissed her lame boy good-by, and sent him to take his place among the rough

youngsters who had full use of all their limbs.

But she need not have worried, for Walter was as brave and fearless as he was bright and mischievous. The first thing he did was get into a quarrel with one of his new schoolmates. And when his adversary contemptuously referred to him as a cripple, Walter cried out, "I'll fight any one my own size, if I may fight mounted!" So the others saw to it that the two disputants were tied to a bench to fight it out. And you may be sure that Walter's fists were hard, and the result of the fray won him the lasting admiration of his comrades. Thereafter, he won his honors in the playground, and outside it as well. His lame leg did not prevent his climbing the "kittle nine stanes," above the Castle rock, or taking part in the street fights with boys from other parts of town, and a valiant soldier he was in the snowball sallies in the winter.

You see, until Walter was eighteen months old, he was as strong a child as could be. But one night his nurse thought he was surely bewitched. Walter romped and romped, and would not go to bed, and danced continually out of her reach. But the next day he was ill, and after that one of the little legs seemed to be weak and useless. Dr. Rutherford, his grandfather, suggested that he be sent away

from his home in Edinburgh, and out to the country where he could be out in the open air, where the weak leg might strengthen.

So little Walter was sent to stay with his other grandfather, Robert Scott, at Sandyknowe, near the Tweed and the Teviot. And the funny remedies the old man tried! Whenever a sheep was killed, the baby was wrapped in its woolly skin, and put on the floor to crawl about, looking for all the world like a big ball of tangled yarn. Grandfather tried to get the funny object to move and use the weak leg.

But, of course, outdoors was the very best "cure" imaginable. When old Sandy, the "cow-bailie," would take him out and put him down in the thick grass, he would lie on his back and see the wild flowers, and little white lambs, and the drifting clouds, like other lambs on high. Everything delighted him, and he would clap his hands and say, "Bonny! Bonny!"

But to the boy, after a bit, even more bonny than the wonders of the countryside were the wonderful tales of the borderland of Scotland, "where every field has its battle and every rivulet its song."

He would listen to the stories of bravery in the wars, and the mythical characters reputed to have lived in the ruins and the glens. Even more wonderful were the tales of his own ancestors: "Beardie," his great-grand-

father, who fought for the Stuarts—the English kings, you know—and who would not cut off his beard after they were banished; and William the Boltfoot, who was also lame, and who nevertheless grew up to be one of the bravest knights of his day.

Walter loved every kind of a story. He would listen for hours to old Sandy, or his Aunt Janet, or to his Grandmother Scott, and the heroes he made of some of his brave old relatives are alive today.

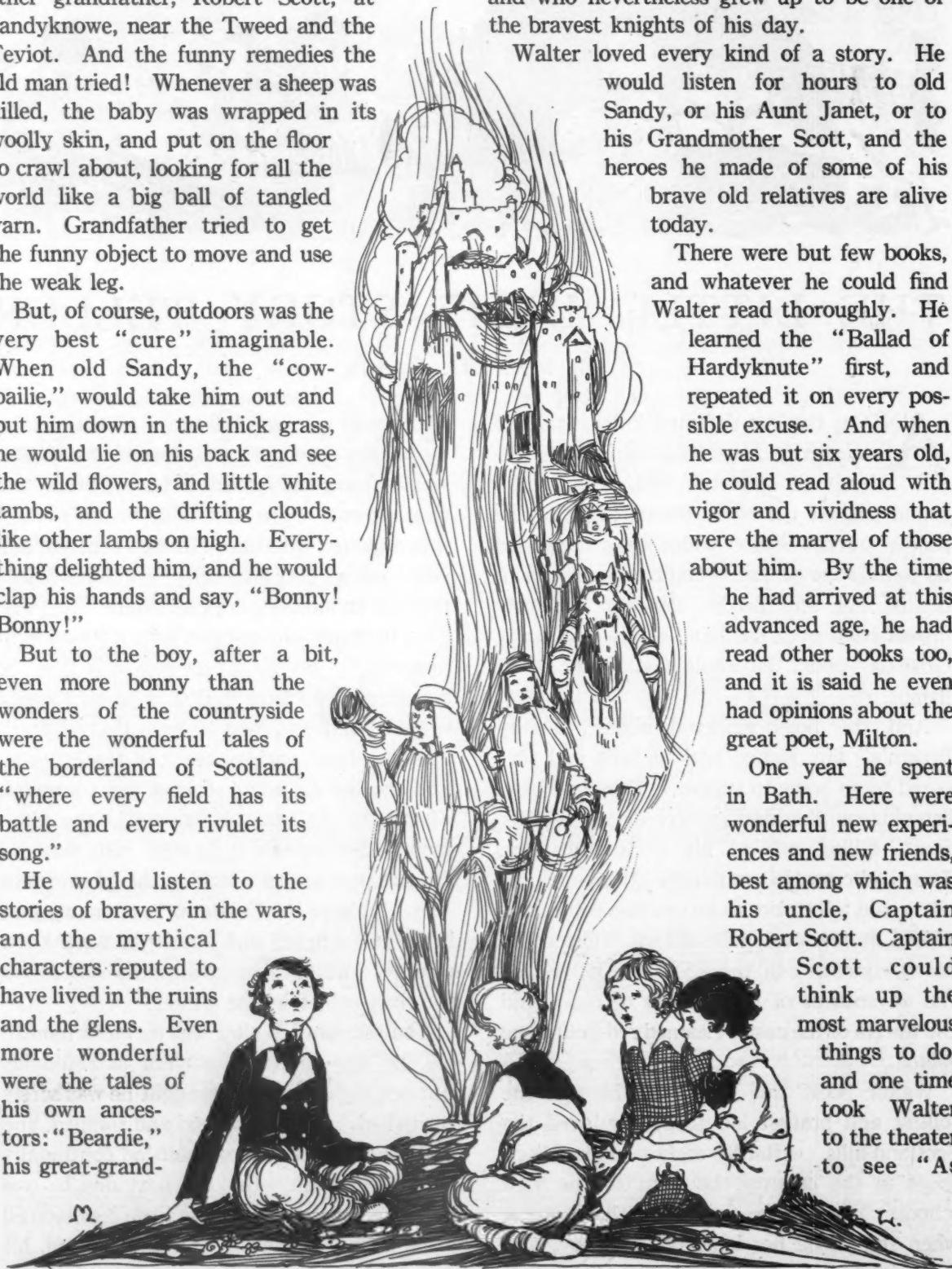
There were but few books, and whatever he could find Walter read thoroughly. He

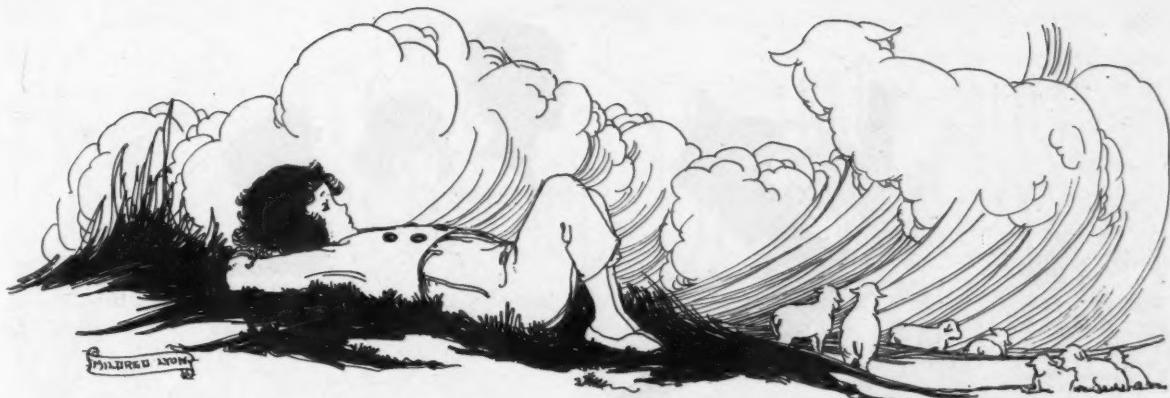
learned the "Ballad of Hardyknute" first, and repeated it on every possible excuse. And when he was but six years old, he could read aloud with vigor and vividness that were the marvel of those about him. By the time

he had arrived at this advanced age, he had read other books too, and it is said he even had opinions about the great poet, Milton.

One year he spent in Bath. Here were wonderful new experiences and new friends, best among which was his uncle, Captain Robert Scott. Captain

Scott could think up the most marvelous things to do, and one time took Walter to the theater to see "As





You Like It." He was so excited that when Orlando quarreled with his wicked brother, the little boy cried out, "Why, aren't they brothers?" He didn't believe, any more than you do, that brothers should quarrel.

However, after he went back to Edinburgh, when he was eight, he did find that his own brothers fought among themselves a little. He had a difficult time at first, because at Sandyknowe he had been spoiled as only grandparents know how to spoil boys. But after all, it was very nice to learn to give and take with his own brothers and sisters at home, even though he was of less importance in the household.

And the most wonderful thing of all about being home was having his mother near him. Walter found that she loved to have him tell her the wonderful stories he had heard, and had dreamed, and loved to hear him recite over and over the ballads he liked, even though his father smilingly predicted that he was born to be a strolling peddler.

When he entered the high school, he was at first low in his classes, for he was careless about learning his lessons, although he was bright and had a good memory, too. So whenever he decided he wanted to move to the head of the class, he could study a little and reach it.

He played all sorts of pranks, too. One

boy stood at the head of the class, and all Walter's efforts to supplant him were in vain. Finally Walter noticed that whenever he was asked a question, the boy fumbled with a button on the lower part of his waistcoat. Biding his time, he finally removed it with a knife. Then to his great delight, when again questioned, the boy reached for the button, and not finding it, was so confused that Walter rose to his place, and thereafter stayed in it.

"Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him," Walter said when he grew up, "and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it has ended in good resolutions."

In spite of his nonsense Walter Scott was a favorite with his teachers as well as his mates. For he had not only a true sense of sportsmanship, but the great gift of the telling of wondrous tales, and no one escaped his happy spell.

The little lame story-teller is gone these many years, but you and I, as we curl up by the fire these dark winter days and open the pages of "Ivanhoe," or "The Talisman," or "Guy Manering," or some other favorite, may still see the castles, the armored knights and the fair ladies of long ago, and can again conjure up the magic of Sir Walter Scott.





MAKING SILHOUETTES

By GRACE MARIAN SMITH

PLEASE sit still, Janet."

"What are you doing?" Janet turned to face Leigh.

"Now you spoiled it. I was drawing your shadow."

Janet came over to where Leigh had pinned a piece of wrapping paper against the wall and was working with a crayon.

She looked at the perky hair-bow and the tip of nose which were all Leigh had finished.

"I'll go back and sit down just as I was. Tell me when my nose is where it should be." She sat down between the light and the wall where the paper was pinned.

With quick but careful tracing, and many instructions to "Sit still, please," "Lift your head a trifle," and "A little more to the left," the sketch was finished.

It really looked surprisingly like Janet.

"If it's a shadow it ought to be black!"

Big Sister Helen helped Bert out. "There is some black paper in my box of busy work supplies," she said; "you may use it. Trace the shadow on that, then cut it out and mount

it on white or gray. It will look like the silhouettes the girl at Atlantic City made."

The black paper was pinned to the screen with the white side out, the shadows carefully traced, the outline cut out and mounted. It was as good as the Atlantic City silhouettes.

Then Janet and Bert wanted to try their skill. And Father and Mother and Helen had to sit for their shadow pictures.

"I'll tell you what let's do. Let's open a studio and do silhouettes at ten cents apiece. When we've done all our customers, we'll have an exhibit and charge ten cents admission. That ought to bring in enough money to buy a fine set of paints and brushes. Then we can do color pictures!"

Directions: Pin a sheet of paper to the wall or a screen, at a point where the light will cast a clear shadow. Seat the model between the light and the paper, so that the profile shows. It is better if the light is level with the head. With a pencil follow the outline lightly. Then cut it out and paste it on a sheet of lighter shade.



POM-POM-PULL AWAY

By Dr. EMMETT D. ANGELL—*"The Play Man"*

IT HAD been going on for a week and Carol and Elizabeth were simply overwhelmed with curiosity. It was rather hard for two little girls to act natural when a big secret was in the air—one that their brothers seemed to know all about.

When Jack and Bert had disappeared directly after school on Monday and reappeared just in time for supper, nothing much was thought of it, for the two girls had been busy with their own affairs on that particular day. But to have this same disappearance repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday and again on Friday was just a bit too much. And the boys wouldn't give more than a vague hint and usually gave that in the most tantalizing manner.

Jack would wink at Bert and say, "They want to know where we were when we went where we were."

Bert's reply would be equally uninstructive and silly; at any rate the disappointed girls would tell the boys that they were silly.

The boys would laugh, which is a very irritating reply when one wants to know. They had promised, however, that by Friday night they might have some interesting news for Carol and for Elizabeth, too.

"It's Friday and you've got to tell us now," was Carol's greeting as Jack kicked the snow from his shoes and pulled off his overcoat.

"Well, I won't tell you all about it tonight, but here is what you have got to do to find out. Get all of the girls and have them bring wieners and marshmallows and their skates. Then you meet in front of our house at exactly two o'clock tomorrow."

"And then what?"

"Then you will learn the big secret," replied Jack.

Carol called Elizabeth on the telephone and found that her brother Bert had given her the same vague information and the same instructions.

It was not an easy matter to restrain their curiosity until the next afternoon, but, as they were very sure that the mystery once solved would prove delightful, they notified all of their group of friends.

When the girls gathered in front of the Randolph home at exactly two o'clock Saturday, there wasn't a sign of Bert or Jack. In fact, there wasn't a boy of any kind in sight.

"I think it's the meanest thing in the world

if they have played a joke on us," exclaimed Eleanor to Mary Emily.

"I don't think they would fool us—not while we have all of the things to eat," said Carol wisely.

While they were arguing and emphasizing each point with a wave of marshmallow box or a bag of wieners, Mrs. Randolph came to the door.

"I have a letter for you," she called.

Carol tore open the envelope and the girls crowded around to see what new mystery had developed. On a big sheet of paper a single sentence was printed. It read:

FOLLOW THE RED TRAIL

While the puzzled girls were trying to figure out the significance of this strange message, Mary Emily made a discovery.

"Oh, look, girls," she exclaimed, "there are pieces of red paper in the snow."

Like a pack of eager hounds following a scent, the happy group started on the trail marked every few feet by a piece of red tissue paper in the snow. Down the street, and then off the road and into Brewster's Woods it led. Then the trail wound back and through the field back of Toppo's house. But it didn't lead to the home of the clever clown whose interest in the children had given

them so much delight. The trail wound on, and following it was real fun. The chattering little pathfinders were delighted with this new game. The boys had certainly taken pains in their trail-marking, for the path had innumerable twists and turns.

Coming around a knoll covered by a thicket of trees, the girls found the end of the trail and the surprise that the boys had spent a week in preparing.

There on the bank of a little pond, that had

the dignified name of Pine Lake, was a well built shack with three walls. The side toward the lake was open and there in front of a splendid fire were the boys and Toppo. Out on the pond was a space about a hundred feet long and about fifty feet wide with all of the snow cleared and at each corner a snow man was standing like a sentinel to guard the skating rink.

"Isn't this a great club house and skating rink?" demanded Bert proudly.

Was it great? A dozen pairs of sparkling eyes, a chorus of delighted approval acclaimed it all of that—and more.

It didn't take long to get skates on eager feet and, with varying degrees of skill, the youngsters were soon gliding or tumbling on the ice.

With Toppo there, a game was sure to be played, and the one that he taught them was





Pom-Pom-Pull Away. He selected Bert to be "It" and Bert took his position in the center of the space. All of the others lined up at one end between the two sentinel snow men. Bert called out, "Pom-Pom-Pull Away!" and then all of the youngsters would leave their goal and try to skate past Bert to the other goal which was the opposite end of the skating place. If a skater got there without being tagged he was safe, but if Bert succeeded in tagging a skater that skater was then a partner of Bert's and had to help him tag the others when he called out "Pom-

Pom-Pull Away!" and they started back to their original goal.

The game continued until all of the skaters were caught. Jack was a fast and clever skater and usually he was the last one tagged. When all were caught the one who was first tagged was "It" in the next game.

Wieners roasted over a camp fire after two hours of skating taste pretty good, and marshmallows aren't so bad, either. If you don't believe it, ask Carol or Bert, or ask Mary Emily who ate six wieners and at least a dozen marshmallows.

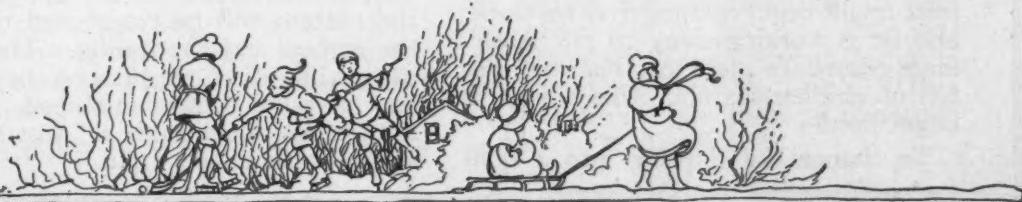
WONDERING

MIRIAM LOUISE MICHAEL

WHEN I was just a little girl
And didn't even go to school,
The snow-piles that I used to climb
Were tall as I was, as a rule.

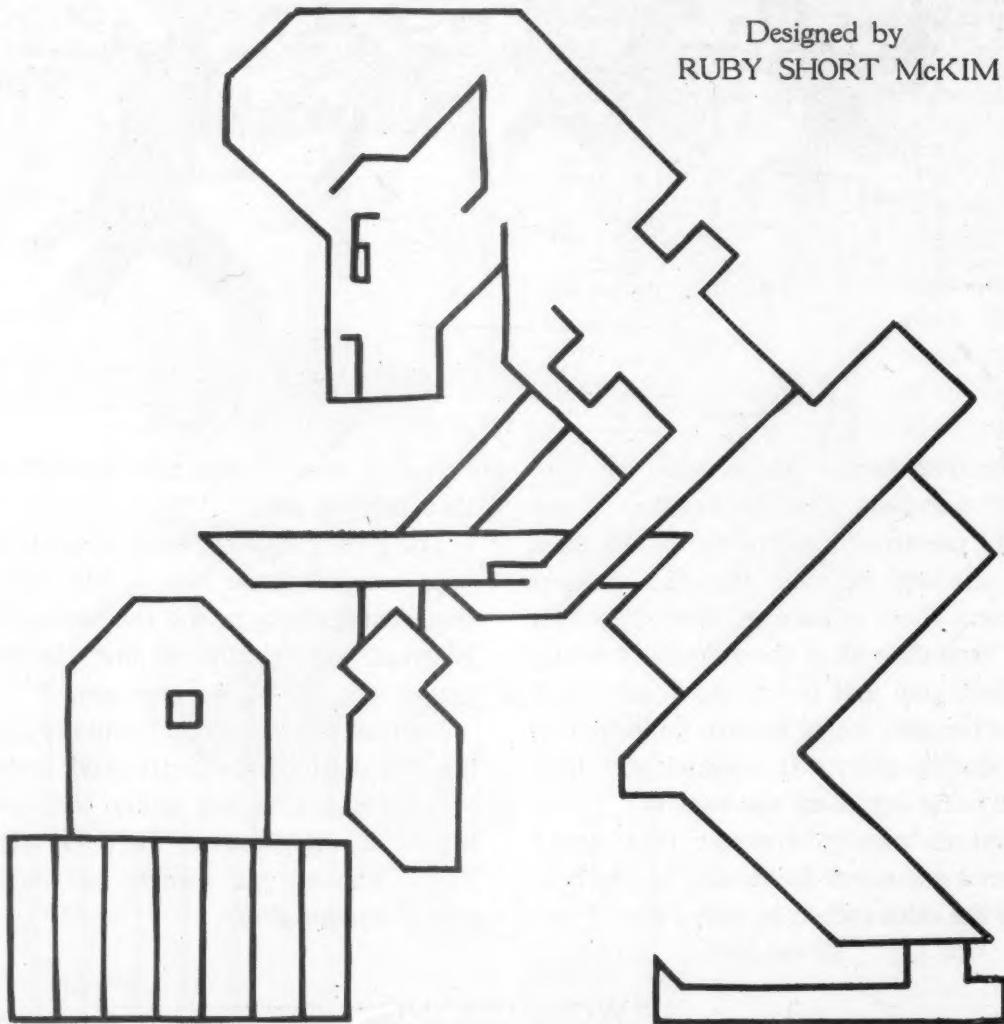
And now that I am all grown up
And go to school 'most every day,
The snow-hills hardly reach my hand;
Has all the snow been snowed away?

The snow gets less and less each year.
It's sad to see it go so fast.
Perhaps there won't be any left
When my tenth birthday time is past.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE NO. 19

Designed by
RUBY SHORT McKIM



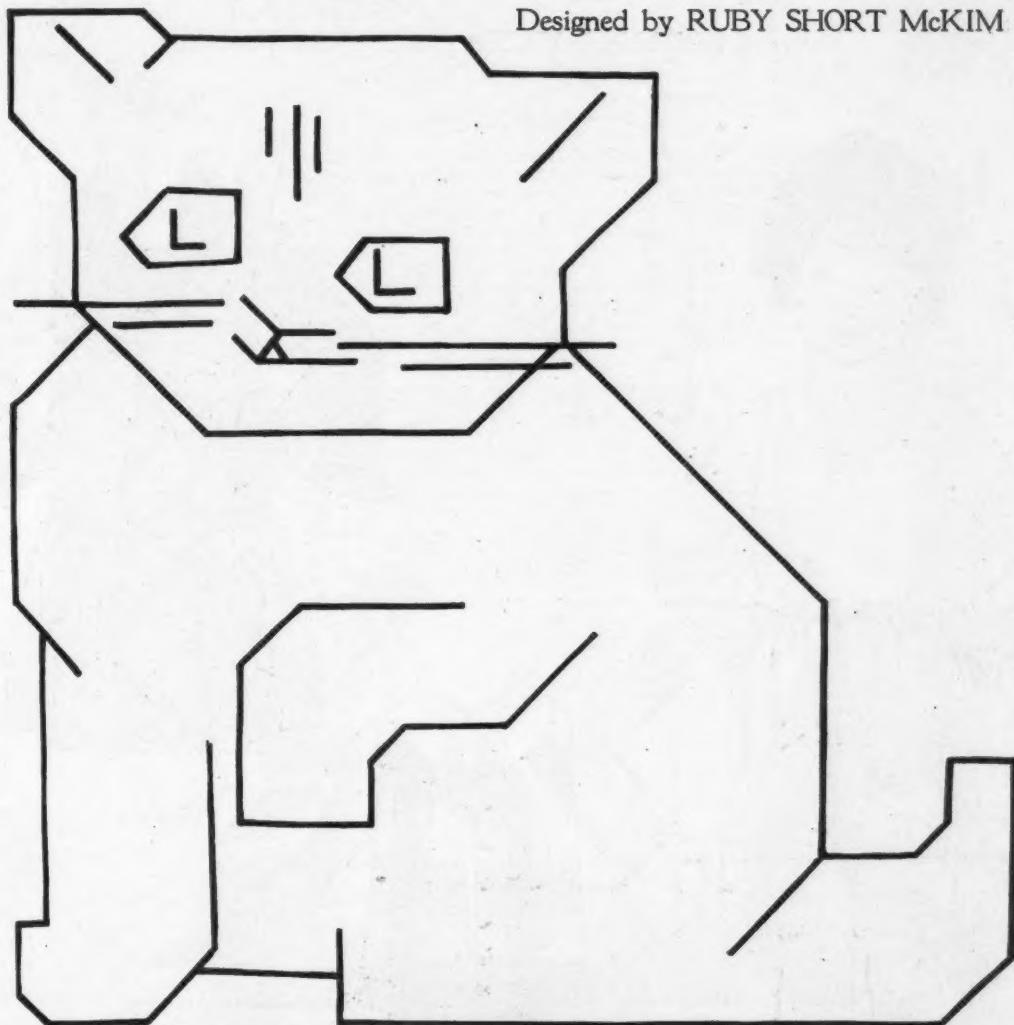
THIS is the White Knight who was one of the funniest creatures that Alice met in the Looking-glass World. He was always inventing things and thinking of new ideas, such as getting over a tall gate by standing on his own head, carrying his lunch box upside-down so the rain couldn't get into it, and keeping hair from falling off by winding it up a stick! In the Quiltie picture here he has a beehive and mouse trap, for fear mice might begin running over his horse, and he is working away to put Alice's large plum-cake plate into his small bag full of candlesticks and other things he might need.

To change the drawing into a quilt

block, get a smoothly ironed piece of muslin ten inches square, and a blue or black piece of carbon paper. Lay the muslin down on a flat surface. Place the carbon paper over it. On top of the carbon paper place the above drawing. Stick pins around the design so it will be held firmly in place over the carbon and the muslin. Then, so that the traced lines will be perfectly straight, lay a ruler along the lines of the drawing. Trace over the lines of the drawing and the pattern will be transferred through the carbon and the muslin. Then you can outline stitch the lines on the muslin and have the pattern in thread. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough squares for a child's quilt.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE NO. 20

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



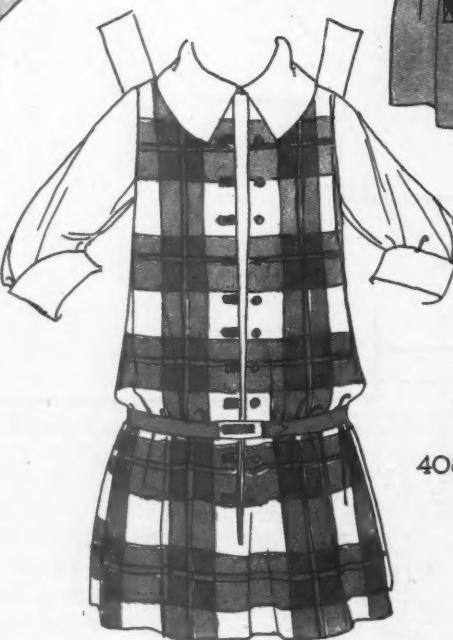
ALICE took the Red Queen off the table, and shook her backward and forward with all her might. The Red Queen made no resistance whatever, only her face grew very small, and her eyes got large and green and still, as Alice went on shaking her. She kept on growing shorter—and fatter—and softer—and rounder—and—and it really *was* a kitten after all!" So Alice woke from her wonderful dream and found this little kitten in her hands. Wonderful dreams should come to many boys and girls under the new quilts they have saved and worked on. May they all have as much fun as Alice had!

To change the drawing into a quilt

block, get a smoothly ironed piece of muslin ten inches square, and a blue or black piece of carbon paper. Lay the muslin down on a flat surface. Place the carbon paper over it. On top of the carbon paper place the above drawing. Stick pins around the design so it will be held firmly in place over the carbon and the muslin. Then, so that the traced lines will be perfectly straight, lay a ruler along the lines of the drawing. Trace over the lines of the drawing and the pattern will be transferred through the carbon and the muslin. Then you can outline stitch the lines on the muslin and have the pattern in thread. There are twenty drawings in all; just enough squares for a child's quilt.

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



LETTY LEE has besides two of the most stylish dresses any little girl or dolly has had all winter, a very nice set of underwear. No. 4165, which can be made in crape, long cloth, muslin, voile or crêpe de Chine, is a step-in style and the "panties" have side openings. Then dress No. 4088 is a sleeveless one, but my, what a smart one! Every doll I know will want one as well as every little girl. It can be made up in challis, silk or serge. Here it is of plaid Jersey, trimmed with tiny steel buttons, and a stylish little patent leather belt. The guimpe or underwaist can be of linen or batiste; here it is of the latter. The collar and cuffs can be scalloped or bound with a colored linen or voile.

Letty's school dress No. 4152 is not only comfortable and easy to get into, but becoming as well. It is here combined with Jersey and a plaid wool, the fronts meeting over a panel. The sleeve is a bell-shaped one. A small leather belt can be worn with this frock also, or one of the material. If Mother wants to make up a real "dressy" dress, this one is lovely in velvet with a satin or crêpe de Chine panel.

Miss Valentine is always ready to answer any questions Mother may care to ask her regarding your clothes, if she will send a stamped self addressed envelope to Miss Laura Valentine, care of CHILD LIFE Magazine, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. All patterns are 20 cents each.

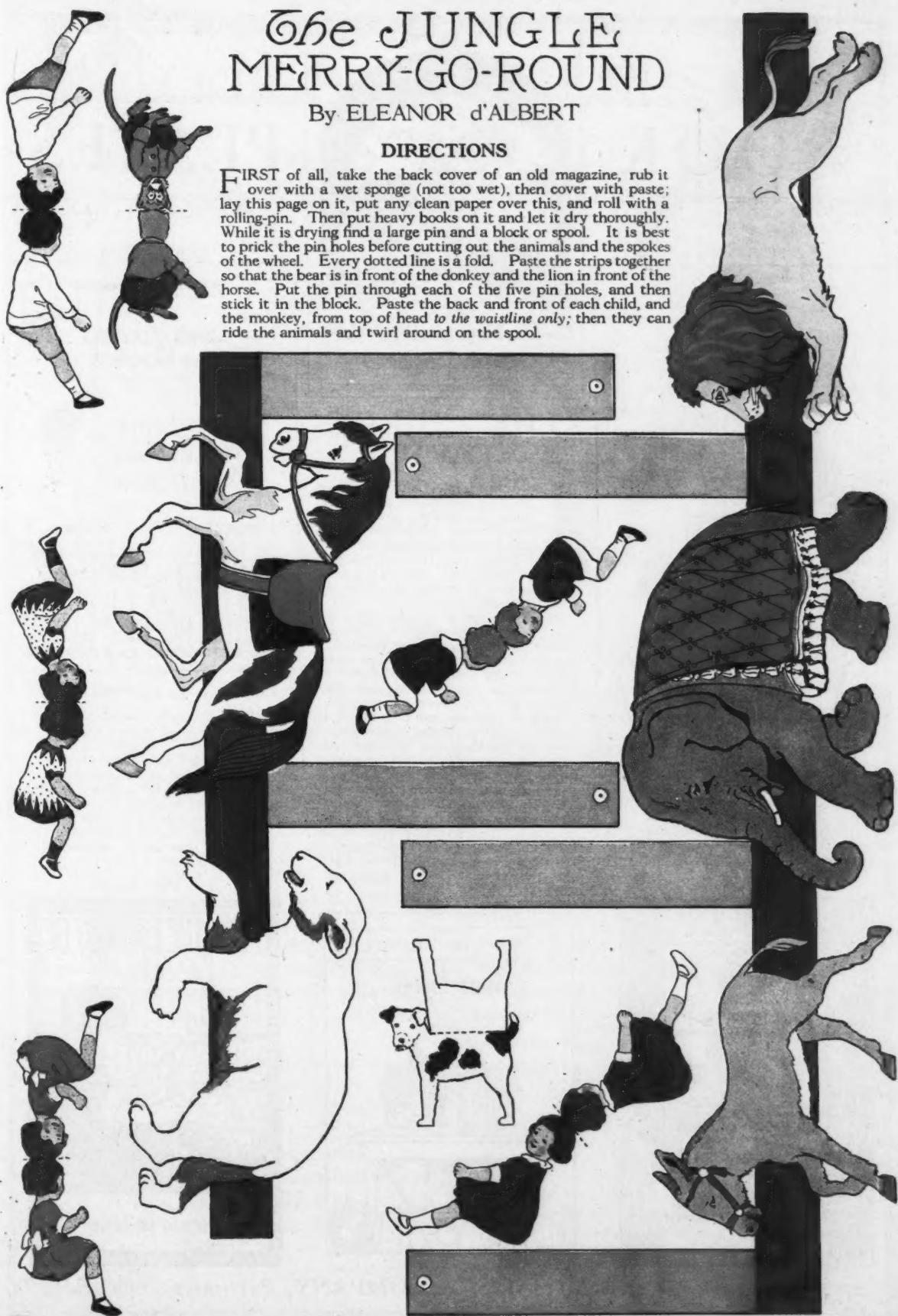
Our new quarterly fashion booklet now ready, 25 cents

The JUNGLE MERRY-GO-ROUND

By ELEANOR d'ALBERT

DIRECTIONS

FIRST of all, take the back cover of an old magazine, rub it over with a wet sponge (not too wet), then cover with paste; lay this page on it, put any clean paper over this, and roll with a rolling-pin. Then put heavy books on it and let it dry thoroughly. While it is drying find a large pin and a block or spool. It is best to prick the pin holes before cutting out the animals and the spokes of the wheel. Every dotted line is a fold. Paste the strips together so that the bear is in front of the donkey and the lion in front of the horse. Put the pin through each of the five pin holes, and then stick it in the block. Paste the back and front of each child, and the monkey, from top of head to the waistline only; then they can ride the animals and twirl around on the spool.



BOOK

PLATE No. 1



More About the Plates

These pictures show the actual size of book plates. The designs, by well-known artists for children, are beautifully printed on tinted Japanese vellum.

PLATE No. 4



Ruth Gray

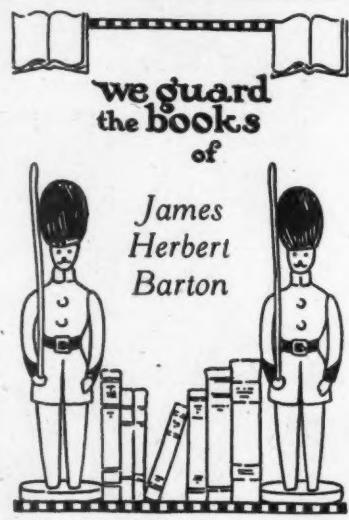
PLATE No. 2



Robert McDonald

PLATES

PLATE No. 3



THE CHILD'S OWN

IF ANYTHING can add to a child's joy in owning a book it is these two things: to have his family and playmates know about it, and to stamp his book indelibly with the sign manual of possession. The latter, as a rule, consists of writing his name all over the inside cover.

With this pride of ownership in mind, and to encourage the young reader not only to care for his books, but to begin early to build up a little library of his own, Rand McNally & Company have prepared the charming little book plates shown on this page.

At a glance, one can understand a child's delight in pasting on the inside cover of his book one of these hall marks of ownership—a card announcing to his world—"this book is mine."

The plates encourage neatness. They do away with soiled pencil script and names scrawled much too large for the space. Besides giving to the child an individual design, each plate carries the name—entered at order—in clear, attractive type.

How to Get Them

Any plate—with name printed in at order—will be furnished for \$3.50 a hundred; or with one year's subscription to the magazine, CHILD LIFE, the price will be \$1.00 per hundred.

If you want your children to treasure their books, give them this little building stone toward a library.

PLATE No. 6



Betty Hollister

OUR BOOK FRIENDS



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

*Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library.
Present School Librarian, Long Beach, California*

I met a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

—John Kendrick Bangs.

SO numerous are the paths to fairyland that each of us may journey a separate way and yet reach the land quite easily. Some people travel to the secret kingdom under the cover of darkness—such people as we read about in Stevenson's "Escape at Bedtime" and De La Mare's "Dream Song." In "Fairies and Chimneys" you will discover that fairies may be seen quite distinctly in the daytime. No doubt poets were made for that very purpose—to show us how wise it is to weigh opinions and not be what grown folks call "one sided."

If we were to ride on the back of a goose as Nils did, or on the back of the North Wind with Diamond, we should want to keep our eyes open and see all that we could. We are bound to remember, however, that Snowflower, in "Granny's Wonderful Chair," always laid her head on the chair of her grandmother; that it was necessary before she could travel wherever she wished. Of the tales that Snowflower heard the one about "Fairyfoot" seems loveliest. Do you remember it—the story about King Stiffstep, his Queen Hammerheel, with her shoes as big as fishing boats, and their seventh child who had fourteen names, beginning with Augustus?

While fairy folk are usually happy, we know instances of their being lonely and of their needing sympathy. The frisky little brownie

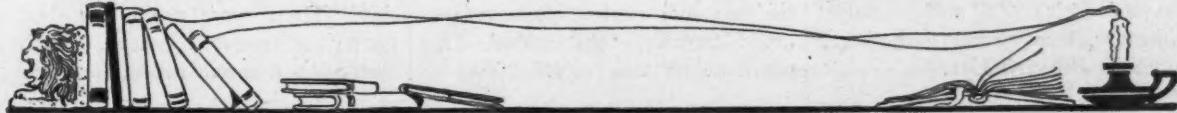
who lived in a coal cellar—"Adventures of a Brownie"—sought the friendship of children. "The Elves and the Shoemaker" helped one another; and the lonesome dwarfs, who wore lamps on their hats and went into the mountains every day, had no real companion until Snowdrop came to their home. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Old Pipes and the Dryads" the fairies come

On gossamer nights when the moon is low
And stars in the mist are hiding.

No doubt you, too, have been to the gates of fairyland and can exchange experiences with the elves and fairies and pixies who tell of their adventures in these books.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS

Adventures of a Brownie	By D. M. M. Craik
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY	
Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said	By Padraic Colum
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY	
Brownies, Their Book	By Palmer Cox
CENTURY COMPANY	
Children's Blue Bird	By Madame Maeterlinck
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY	
Down-A-Down-Derry	By Waller De La Mare
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY	
Book of Elves and Fairies	By F. J. Olcott
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY	
Fairies and Chimneys	By Rose Fyleman
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY	
Fairy Plays for Children	By M. E. Goodlander
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY	
Fanciful Tales	By Frank R. Stockton
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS	
Helga and the White Peacock	By Cornelia Meigs
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY	
Home Book of Verse for Young Folks	By B. E. Stevenson
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY	
King of the Golden River	By John Ruskin
D. C. HEATH & COMPANY	
Laughing Prince	By Parker Fillmore
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY	
Little Boy Lost	By W. H. Hudson
ALFRED A. KNOPF	
Once Upon a Time	By Katharine Lee Bates
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY	
Poems by a Little Girl	By Hilda Conkling
F. A. STOKES COMPANY	
Tales from Shakespeare	By Charles and Mary Lamb
T. NELSON & SONS, LTD.	
Tales from the Secret Kingdom	By E. M. Gates
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS	
Water Babies	By Charles Kingsley
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY	
Wonderful Adventures of Nils	By Selma Lagerlof
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY	
Wonderful Chair and the Tales It Told	By F. R. Browne
D. C. HEATH & COMPANY	



THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

WEATHER REPORT

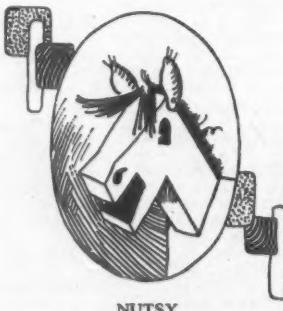
Cloudy, with probably heavy rain. All painted dolls and animals unprotected by waterproof paint should stay indoors.

WOODEN HORSE GETS NEW STABLE

You are all acquainted with Speedy, the little gray wooden horse who gallops madly up and down the alleys of Toytown pulling a little red wagon full of nothing. Speedy doesn't gallop so much lately, as he enjoys staying home and admiring his new stable, which was recently a very roomy soapbox. When interviewed Speedy said he liked the new box immensely, the only objection being that it smelled too strongly of laundry soap.

STUFFED DOLLIES AND TEDDY BEARS!

Renew your youth with a fresh stuffing of Prof. Woodie's refreshing sawdust. For sale at all Toytown carpenter shops—Advertisement.



TOY HORSE RUNS AWAY

Nutsy, a dashing wooden steed owned by little Billy McGee, got peeved when Billy dropped huge cracker crumbs on him, and set out for a life in the wild park bushes.

If you happen to see a dirty wooden horse galloping around the park with no tail and a cracked tummy, please send him home again to Billy McGee.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY



NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT READY FOR BUSINESS

A handsome iron fire engine, with strong horses of iron and a fireman driver with an iron constitution, is now a part of Toytown's equipment. This useful affair was a birthday gift to little Bobby Binks, who lives on Boy Street. If you intend having a fire in your doll house, send Bobby a postal card, and he will send the engine to help make things exciting. If you get tired waiting for Bobby's engine, however, perhaps you had better spit on the fire and put it out yourself.

CHINA DOLL ENJOYS REAL AUTO RIDE

On last Monday Arabella Jones gave her dolly, Jessica, the thrill of her life when she took Jessica for a real auto ride in her papa's car. The car was driven at quite a rapid rate, and Jessica was wild with joy.

An unfortunate thing happened, however—Arabella let Jessica lean far over the side of the car in order to see the scenery better, and the strong wind blew Jessica's wig right off her head! Jessica says she doesn't mind, however, for she enjoys letting the other dolls look inside of her hollow head to see how her neck is fastened on. "And besides," she added, "it's much cooler this way!"

CRUEL DEATH OF TOY DOG

Little Toto, the wooden dog which played every morning with tiny Eva Saks, met a cruel death yesterday. Little Eva was pulling him across the boulevard by a long string, his wheels squeaking with joy. Little Eva, however, did not pull Toto fast enough, for a large truck hit him fairly in the middle and reduced him to rubbish. The splinters will be interred in Backyard Cemetery.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT BEFALLS DOLLY

Miss Tilly Two-toes, a beautiful wooden painted doll, who has for some weeks called Miss Dorothy McKey her mamma, met with a tragic misfortune today when her five-year old mamma sucked all the paint off Tilly's face, leaving her with quite a blank expression.

Miss Dorothy wept copious tears when she discovered the result, and Tilly would have cried too if her mamma hadn't sucked her eyes out.



This is Tilly before and after the accident. The little girl with Tilly is her five-year old mamma.

TEDDY BEAR HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

Bumpsy, a little brown Teddy Bear, owned by Addie Mercer, was given a birthday party last Thursday. There were no guests, but plenty of sugared water, which Bumpsy's mamma drank for him.



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WINTER FIRES

WHAT is better than a fire
On the coldest night for me,
When the wind is getting higher,
Bowing every branch and tree?

When the snow is falling thicker,
Covering the barren ground,
With the fire burning quicker
And the family sitting 'round,

What is better than old winter
With his frosty fingers white,
And his cold breath always blowing
On the clear and dark'ning night?

For whatever be the weather
I think winter is the best,
When we gather all together
'Round the cheery fire and rest.

KATHERINE DE WESE
Age 10 years Toledo, Ohio.



TEDDY BEARS

I HAVE some lovely Teddy Bears,
They sleep with me at night;
Three are brown (and one can
walk)
And the other one is white.

DAVID EISENDRATH, Jr.
Age 8 years Racine, Wis.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending you this letter to tell you we gave "The Butterfly," the play you published in the April number of the CHILD LIFE. It was given in our yard. There were six girls who took part.

I am sending you our pictures. We charged ten cents for adults and five cents for children. We received \$16 which we sent to the Daily News Fresh Air Fund. I was so happy to meet you in Marshall Field's.

Your little friend,
MARIAN BLUTHARDT
Chicago

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM in bed with bronchitis and CHILD LIFE. You may guess which I like better. I am sending a little fairy tale.

Yours truly,
GLORIA LOUISE GARNETT

The KIDDIE TOYLETTE Lightens Mother's Burdens



Wicker chairs often harbor disease germs and make unnecessary work for Mother.

**Which
Do You
Prefer?**

The unsanitary obsolete nursery chair which is cumbersome and unsightly.

or

The modern and sanitary Kiddie Toylette



Open ready for use.
Safety strap holds child securely.



Folds and turns back same as seat cover. Always in place ready for use.

THE Kiddie Toylette eliminates the unsanitary nursery chair which often harbors disease germs. It also teaches the child hygienic and regular habits. If the child is placed upon the Kiddie Toylette at regular hours each day a regular habit is soon formed which means better health for the child and less work for Mother. Mother is free to go about her other duties as the smallest child cannot fall off when once the safety strap is attached.

The Kiddie Toylette is made from selected hardwood and finished to match woodwork and to harmonize with bathroom fixtures. It is furnished with highly polished and nickel plated hardware. It may be attached easily and permanently to any standard toilet seat. Does not interfere with adult seat.

Write for descriptive booklet and price list

DUPLEX SAFETY SEAT CO. Juvenile Dept. Rochester, N. Y.

THE TANGLE FAIRY

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Betty. Betty was a very clean child and always had her hair well combed. One day when she was out for a walk with her nurse, Teaser, the Tangle Fairy, saw Betty, and said, "Ah, I think I have found a nice place to live." So she flew down and began making her nest. On the way home there was a tiny tug at Betty's hair.

"Ouch! Ow!" she exclaimed, but the fairy only laughed at her and tugged all the more.

When she got home her mother exclaimed, "Gracious me! What has happened to your hair, Betty?" Betty didn't answer. Her mother got the comb and started to put Betty's hair in order. All at once she heard a squeal that came from the comb. Betty's mother looked, and what should she see but Teaser!

"Who's this?" cried Betty's mother.

"I am Teaser, the Tangle Fairy," said he quite frightened.

"I have heard of you before," answered Betty's mother, "but do you promise never, never to get in Betty's hair again?"

"I promise, oh, I promise, if you only let me go;" and away she flew out the window.

GLORIA LOUISE GARNETT
Age 9½ years Evanston, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE. I went to Mississippi in June to visit my grandma and grandpa. I didn't get lonesome for I took CHILD LIFE with me. Mother read stories to me. A pale little boy looked at me a long time, and I gave him my CHILD LIFE. Then mother bought me another one in New Orleans. I wish I could see that little boy. He was on crutches. He was a good boy. I gave him some fruit, too. I wish I knew where he was. I model in clay. Mother says I am an artist.

ARCHIE PATTERSON
Age 4½ months Beaumont, Tex.



TEACH YOUR CHILD at Home

and give him practically the same educational advantages he would have at the best private school.

A unique system teaches children from kindergarten to 12 years of age by correspondence at home, with the modern methods, guidance and supervision of a great day school, established 1897, with a worldwide reputation for training young children. Write for information to

CALVERT SCHOOL
11 Chase Street, Baltimore, Md.



Rock-A-Bye For Baby

Combination Stand and Swing can be placed in any part of the house.

At dealers or by express
SEND FOR CATALOG
of Nursery Supplies.

Perfection Mfg. Co.
2719 N. Leffingwell
St. Louis, Mo.

Swing No. 34
Complete \$5.00



Ada Maxon's Frocks for Tots

For Sale at
All Dealers

ADA MAXON
459 E. Water St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

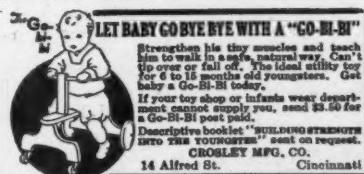
Do You Make Your Children's Wash Dresses?

CASH'S WASH TRIMMINGS

Will trim them over so attractively.

Write for FREE illustrated booklet, or send 25 cents for four yard pieces regularly 40 cents.

J. & J. CASH, Inc.
223 Chestnut Street South Norwalk, Conn.



LET BABY GO BYE BYE WITH A "GO-BI-BI"

Strengthen his tiny muscles and teach him to walk in a safe, natural way. Can't help it, for it is the ideal safety swing for 6 to 16 month old youngsters. Get baby a Go-Bi-Bi today.

If you toy shop or infants wear department store, send 25 cents for booklet.

Descriptive booklet "BUILDING STRENGTH INTO THE YOUNGSTER" sent on request.

CROSLERY MFG. CO.

14 Alfred St. Cincinnati

Edeson Radio Phones Adjustable Diaphragm Clearance

We guarantee satisfaction, or your money refunded. The adjustment feature places our phones on a par with the world's greatest makes. Our sales plan eliminates dealer's profits and insures lower prices, hence the low price. Better phones cannot be had for less. Immediate delivery. Double 3000 Ohm sets, \$3.95; 1500 Ohm single set, \$2.50. Circular free.

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TRUE FRIENDS

BOOKS are friends through all your years, Some bring laughter, some bring tears, Some are full of woe and sadness, Some are full of hope and gladness, Whether ragged, marked or torn Whether new or old or worn, A good book a friend will be If you guard it carefully.

MIRIAM SESONSKE
Age 9 years Watertown, N. Y.

A LUCKY CATCH

ONCE upon a time there was a little Chinese boy who had a long, long, very long queue which was very black and very stiff and curled so it looked like a lot of hooks on the end of a string.

Now this little boy's mother was very poor and had to work hard to get enough to live on, for his father had died. They lived in a little house by a big river.

Now this little boy's name was Ching Lee and he had a little raft which he pushed around with a very long bamboo pole. So this fine morning after his mother had gone to a rich man's house to thresh wheat he pushed off from the shore and poled himself along the river.

Suddenly a huge butterfly lit on his raft. When he spread his wings he was almost as big as Ching Lee, but Ching Lee was not afraid of him and so they sailed down the river. Although Ching Lee didn't know it, his long, long, very long queue was trailing in the water.

Suddenly he felt a quick jerk at his queue which nearly pulled him in the water. So he quickly pulled out his queue and there on the end was the largest fish Ching Lee had ever seen.

Instantly there was a fluttering of wings and the huge butterfly flew away. Then Ching Lee paddled home and found his mother cooking rice for dinner. When he showed her the fish she was very pleased and the fish lasted them for several meals.

LORING SIEGENER
Age 11½ years Boston, Mass.

Do Your Children Surprise You?

THE startling things, good or bad, that your children do are often the direct result of conditions over which you have direct control. In your hands rests the responsibility for developing these inquisitive young minds along the right channels. Good tendencies should be encouraged, bad ones suppressed. It is never too early to start, never too late to mend.

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The Home Guide To Good Reading (with notes), by Davis Harrison Stevens. This valuable guide in drawing the child into direct association with the best of literature appropriately selected.

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Each of these books consists of from 250 to 300 pages, well printed on good paper, strongly bound in cloth. Sent postpaid for \$1.50 per volume. A valuable aid in the proper direction of child training. Every home should have one or more of these books. Send the coupon today.

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Why Children Don't Obey

OBEDIENCE is the foundation of character. Yet how many parents discover constantly that their instructions to their children carry no farther than around the corner. And wilfulness, selfishness, jealousy, disrespect, untruthfulness, ill-temper and many other undesirable qualities are directly related to that first great fault of disobedience.

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Until now, scolding and whipping seem to have been about the parents' only methods. But new methods have been discovered which make it easy to train children to obey promptly, pleasantly and easily without breaking the child's spirit or creating fear.

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make children instantly to comply with command — "Don't touch"? To
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children without punishment?
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To overcome shyness?
These are only a few
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Highest Endorsements

This new system, which has been put into practice by the Child Training Council, prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results. When thorough understanding and sympathy exist, obedience comes naturally and all the bad traits of the child are easily overcome. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

Free Book

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a booklet which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal card to the book department, 100 W. 45th St., New York City, and ask for this announcement. Do it now! This announcement may never come to your notice again. THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept. 961, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.



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whether it is a thermometer for baby's bath, home baking, the dairy, the hothouse or indicating, recording, controlling instruments for the great industrial plants in their many secret and intricate temperature processes. Tycos instruments are made in special models for hundreds of different lines of manufacture, as well as chemical, laboratory, weather bureau and household purposes.

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There's a Tycos and Taylor thermometer instrument for every purpose

THE Laura Valentine Quarterly
Talks on Frocks and Suits for Children is now ready.

Send 25c in stamps for your copy today

CHILD LIFE

Pattern Dept.
536 S. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

MY CAT

I HAVE a cat
And he's so fat.
He lies in a basket
And sleeps all day,
And then at night
He runs away!

ELIZABETH SUE GORDON
Age 8½ years Walbridge, Ohio

WINTER

WINTER is coming, winter is here!

Jackie Frost is very near.
He slides upon a funny sled,
He's painting all the bushes red;
He's painting all the windows white.
And he hurries up with all his might.

Winter is coming, winter is here!
Jackie Frost you must not fear.
He never nips the good boy's nose;
He never bites the good girl's toes.

And when at last the snow will fall
You'll know that Jackie caused it all.

MARTHA VAUGHAN

Age 10 years Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

AT SCHOOL we are going to act the play called, "Green Goblin," taken from CHILD LIFE. I think it is a very interesting play.

I think CHILD LIFE magazine is a very nice magazine. I like it very much.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM E. WEBER, JR.

MY DOG TEDDY

I HAVE a little dog and his name is Teddy. He goes to school every day with me and at the close of school in the afternoon he comes to meet me. He goes everywhere I go. When I am out playing and mother doesn't know where I am, she calls Teddy and then he barks at me and I know I am wanted at home.

WILLIAM E. WEBER, JR.

Age 11 years Butte, Mont.

DIAPANT



Betty K The DIAPANT Girl

"MOTHERS," your one thought is Baby's health and comfort. How often has that ugly pin stuck in your finger, possibly baby. When baby cries what is your first thought—a pin. Eliminate this worry, use "Diapants"—no pins! If "DIAPANT" did nothing more than eliminate this sharp menacing evil, it would fully justify its use for that purpose alone.

What DIAPANT Does

Eliminates the dangerous safety pin.

Provides baby with utmost comfort and bodily freedom.

Is soft, soothing to the tender skin.

Is roomy, yet snug-fitting—an efficient diaper.

Is easily and quickly put on and taken off.

Is absorbent and sanitary. Is adjustable allowing for baby's growth.

Is warm and yet ventilated.

Is easily laundered.

Will outlast its need for one child.

"DIAPANT" is endorsed by physicians and nurses. Sold by good department and dry good stores and baby shops. If your dealer doesn't handle it, write us direct and give us name of your dealer.

Write for leaflet

UTICA INFANT WEAR CORP.
UTICA, N. Y.

HALLOWEEN NIGHT

ON HALLOWEEN night
It is my delight
To make jack-o'-lanterns gay,
And go out to the street,
And the folks that I meet
Very quickly are frightened away.

CUQUITA MARTINEZ

Marianao, Havana, Cuba.

Age 11 years

PEGGY'S ADVENTURE

ONE cool afternoon Peggy asked her mother if she could go walking in the woods.

"Yes dear, but do not go too far because you might get lost."

Peggy started off with a basket in which she had a sandwich and some cookies. She walked on, now and then picking a flower. After a while she felt tired and sat down to eat her lunch. She was there only a little while, when she fell fast asleep.

Then she dreamed she was walking along and came to a hollow tree. She looked in and there was a table on which were some things to eat. Just then a door opened and out stepped a little man no more than two feet tall. He took off his pointed hat and bowed to Peggy. Peggy was so surprised that she stared in wonder at the quiet little figure.

"Do not be afraid, Peggy; it is only I, the little man Skookums."

Peggy bowed and sat down. All of a sudden Peggy heard a noise like this, "Gobble! Gobble! Neigh! Neigh! Quack! Quack!" and in came a turkey no larger than a robin, a horse no larger than a big dog, and a duck no larger than a sparrow. Each had a string tied to his leg. And the man Skookums had all these strings tied to his leg so they had to follow him.

The little man said to Peggy, "Do you want these pets?"

"O, I would be delighted!" said Peggy. "I would name the turkey, Fluffy, the horse, Pudge, and the duck Wibble-Wobble."

But just then Peggy awoke, got up, and skipped through the woods home. She told her mother all

It's just fun—
with a Baby Bathinette

Used in Large Bath Tub or
on Floor. Cuts Baby's Bath
Time in Half. Makes it a
Pleasure instead of an
Ordeal.



Above is shown Bathinette dressing table raised to convenient standing height. Note safety strap.

View at left shows how Bathinette allows mother the relaxation of bathing baby while sitting down. Let us tell you of a great many more advantages.

Send for Illustrated Booklet

KIDDIE-TOWN PRODUCTS INC.

Sole Manufacturers of Baby Bathinette

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Every Boy and Every Girl
Should Have ONE, at Least!

HERE are two new, magnificent Paramount Rubber creations to delight your little ones—

For Your Little Girl—SEVEN-INCH Paramount Rubber PLAY BALL, lettered in GOLD with her own FIRST NAME: Wonderful bouncer. Highest quality play ball ever made. 7 inches big—imagine it! (If you laid it on this page you could hardly see the page!) What little girl wouldn't rejoice with that!

For Your Little Boy—Handsome, strong, full-size, live rubber Paramount FOOTBALL! A joyful gift; and it induces months of healthful, happy boy-fun. It won't break; not even if a 200-pound man stood on it! What little man won't cheer when he sees that!

Either One Postpaid For Only \$2

Mail the coupon TODAY and have one of these beautiful, enduring toys sent your child. Send check or money order. The Play Ball and the Football are GUARANTEED to satisfy you in every way—or your money back quickly! No risk! Use the coupon and order now!

RESTEIN COMPANY
1633 Real Estate Trust Bldg.
Philadelphia



RESTEIN CO., 1633 Real Estate Trust Bldg.,
Philadelphia

Here is check—money order—(cross out one) for two dollars (\$2.00). Send me, postpaid, at once—Big 7-inch Play Ball—Football—(cross out the one you do not want). If ordering the PLAY BALL, print child's first name clearly here:
To be put on in GOLD.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

A WARM HOUSE in the MORNING



Protects Health

A warm house in the morning is as essential to the children's health as warm blankets at night or warm wraps for outdoor play.

Children are extremely sensitive to change in temperature. A house too cold or too hot is responsible for many winter colds. Keep the temperature uniform and comfortable by installing

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

It automatically wakes up the fire in the morning so the house is warm when the family arises. Maintains a uniform temperature throughout the day, automatically lowers the temperature at night. Protects health. Saves fuel. For any home or heating plant, any fuel. Quickly and easily installed.

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ADOLPH BOLM SCHOOL of the DANCE

Instruction in Classical, Ballet, Toe
Character Dancing and Pantomime
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*Director of the Chicago Opera Ballet
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of teachers for the other courses offered.
Mr. Bolm arranges and stages special
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Catalog upon request

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about her dream and her mother thought it was a good adventure, and Peggy thought so, too.

LEONA VAN DIS
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Age 10 years

THE BUSY BIRDS

I SAT for hours and watched the birds
And tried to understand their words.
The blackbirds sat on the maple trees
And sang their songs as they rocked in the breeze.
And I watched the sparrows try to show
Their little ones to fly just so.
The birds, oh, they are Joy Givers, too,
And I'd like to be one now with you!

EDWIN WADDLE

Age 8 years Oakville, Iowa.

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

I AM a little girl seven years old. Mother saw CHILD LIFE in the drug store one day. Now I have it every month. Mother says maybe if I am a good girl Santa Claus may give me a whole year of CHILD LIFE.

How do you like my typewriter? My grandmother gave it to Katrina and me. It's much better than my writing.

I am sending a little poem which I hope you will like.

PUMPKIN smiled and said, "I wonder
Who those children ere could be,
Who put me here and lit the candle
That shines inside of me?"

Mother thought I should write another verse but I can't think what to say. I had my poem to read, "Who those children could be." Mother suggested ere which means ever, you know, and I like that way much better.

Will you tell me about the Joy Givers' Club?

Your little friend,

BETTY ANN DAY
St. Paul, Minn.

The Best Mattress is Made Better by Using a

Quilted Mattress Protector



"None genuine without Trade Mark"

IT'S like sleeping on air to sleep on a Quilted Protector. They are made of the finest materials money can buy.

Quilted in the Excelsior way that keeps them light, soft and fluffy even after long use and washing. Made in all sizes to fit all beds and cribs.

Because of their many features, they are especially suited to use on Baby's Crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress—save time and labor.

Endorsed by Physicians and Used by the Best Families Who Know

See that Trade Mark is stitched in corner of every protector you purchase

Sold at all leading Department Stores

The Excelsior Quilting Co.

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Joy Givers Club



ORCHARD HILL CAMP is an exclusive camp for girls three to fourteen and boys three to ten. It is under the personal supervision of Dr. Edith B. Lowry, distinguished educator and medical expert.

Individual care is given each child attending camp. Dr. Lowry makes it a rule to know the physical condition of each child in camp daily and gives her personal attention to any minor illness, cuts or bruises.

For complete detailed information address Edith B. Lowry, M. D.

ORCHARD HILL CAMP
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FASCINATING, NEW LOTTO GAMES



Educational as well as Very Amusing

—The World's greatest, most Educational games ever invented—made in three kinds—

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more instructive than months spent in the class room—besides educational features, there is lots of fun while learning and playing—comes in two sizes, prices, 50c and \$1.00. Can be bought at all stores where games are sold—if you cannot obtain them write to us.

LARGE SENIOR SIZE
will be sent POSTPAID
for only..... **\$1.00**

ATLAS GAME COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

WINTER EVENING

THE west is growing crimson and sinking is the sun,
Workmen home are trudging, their daily work is done.

Fires now are shining, setting homes aglow,
Softly, softly falling, is the winter snow.

Pine trees all are bending under covers white,
Stars their lamps are lighting to welcome in the night.

JEAN HOCH

Age 9 years Marion, Kans.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I DID not know there was a magazine called CHILD LIFE until some little girl gave me an extra one that she got. I like it real well and I want to join the Joy Givers' Club. I want to know more about it if you will tell me about it. I wrote a story about our back yard and I hope you will put it in your magazine.

Best wishes,
NATHAN ZIFFE

OUR BACK YARD

WE HAVE a big back yard with a large sand pile and a box that we use for a playhouse. There are many bushes that we hide behind when we play hide and seek. We sometimes drive stakes in the ground and tie strings from stake to stake and make houses. We spend most of our time in the back yard. I am sure that it would give joy to anyone. It is pretty.

NATHAN ZIFFE

Age 7 years Dayton, Ohio.

AUTUMN

THE little leaflets turning brown,
The little flowers drooping down,
On a cold and frosty day
On the ground they like to play.
We will see no more of them
Till the springtime comes again.

ISLE MONA KETCHAM

Age 8 years Seattle, Wash.

CLIMAX
Trade Mark

Child's Play Apron and Bib



CLIMAX children's play apron made of the best quality rubberised percale with mother-goose figures all over it, will delight every little girl and boy. Mother will be glad to get one for you because the apron can also be used as a bib and protects your clothing. It does not crack and is easily laundered. Price 30 cents each.

Slip-on Baby Pants



Patented

CLIMAX pure gum rubber Slip-on Baby Pants are an ideal sanitary protection for baby. Colors: Pink, white or yellow. Sizes: small, medium and large. Price 50 cents a pair, and extra large 75 cents a pair.

Ladies' Bloomerette

THIS sanitary garment is made to be worn under other bloomers.

It is soft and pliable, cool and sanitary and guaranteed not to chafe. Materials used are good grade marquisette and pure gum rubber.

Packed one to box. Come in sizes small, medium and large. Priced at \$1.00

If these garments are not for sale at your local dealer send us his name and the price of the garments you desire either in stamps or currency. Complete catalog showing full line of women's and infants' sanitary goods sent free upon request.

The CLIMAX SPECIALTY CO.

1515 Pine St. St. Louis, Mo.



*When baby eats at
the table with the
“grown ups”*

mother's first thought is of a bib. The old fashioned bibs never were just exactly what mothers wanted. They did not protect baby's sleeves.

TIDY-BIB

is another TIDY product that makes mother's work easier. The sleeves offer a real protection and the apron is amply large enough to cover baby's dainty clothes and keep them neat and clean.

Just put baby in his high chair. Put his little arms in the sleeves—they are Shirred at the wrists to fit snugly—tie the TIDY-BIB in the back and baby can't possibly soil his clothes.

TIDY-BIB is so easy to put on and take off and it's such a splendid protection—especially the sleeves—that it saves many changes of baby's clothes and, of course, make less laundry work.

They are made in flesh and white, pure gum rubber, with either a pink or blue binding. And they are made with the same care and thoughtfulness as our

HYGIENIC AND SANITARY TIDY-DIDIES

If you cannot get Tidy-Bibs at your dealers send us his name and we will be only too glad to send one to you at the regular price of 50 cents.

The SANITARY RUBBER NOVELTY COMPANY

331 West Ohio Street Chicago, Ill.

ON LITTLE BROWN SAILS

I FOUND a little birdie's nest,
Way back beneath the eaves,
Where happy birdies like to rest
Among the rustling leaves.

I found another, way down low;
It was a nightingale's.
Now, when I look, he starts to go
Away on his brown sails.

And once I saw a big blackbird,
Who flew down from his nest.
A calling flock of birds sailed by,
And he went with the rest.

ELISE STEARNS
Age 9 years Los Angeles, Calif.

BETTY JANE'S BIRTHDAY

BETTY JANE was three years old that day. Her mother gave her three kisses. She knew it was her birthday. She waited all day, but she had no present.

Papa said, "Come, Betty, let us take a walk." She saw a big doll in the store window. It was just the kind of doll she wanted, but they walked on.

It was getting dark, and Papa said, "Let's go home, Betty."

When she opened the door, some one jumped from behind it. Then a little crowd of friends came to meet her.

Mamma said, "Come in, honey, and look at the table."

There on the table was a big doll and a birthday cake. Each friend had a present for her. There was one from Mamma, Papa, Jackie, Margaret, Mary, Bobby, Louise and George.

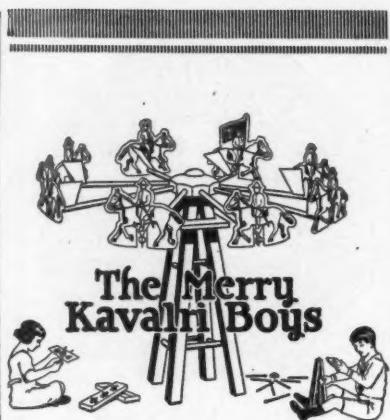
"A surprise party!" cried Betty.

JEAN MUNGER
Age 8 years Lafayette, Ind.

THE SQUIRREL

AS I walked through the woods one day,
I heard a noise across the way.
I looked up into a tree,
And a squirrel threw a pine cone at me.

ROBERT B. QUICK
Age 7½ years Denver, Colo.



New Joy for The Little Folks

Give the little dears a toy that is different. Put it under the tree this Christmas and watch their eyes pop open with surprise—watch them jump when they see **The Merry Kavalri Boys**.

They love to play with it because they actually build a merry-go-round all by themselves—one that will run continuously if placed over a radiator or in any air current. Little ones will amuse themselves for hours—they never seem to get tired of playing with their Merry Kavalri Boys—it is amusing as well as instructive.

Beautifully colored ponies and riders to cut out, a frame all ready to set up, packed in a handsome picture box. Assembled toy stands ten inches high. Can be taken apart and put together as often as desired. Order yours today!

Delivered to your door complete for \$1.50. Write name and address clearly on a slip of paper, attach your check or money order, and we will ship by return mail.

MILLER BROTHERS
Department "D"
4611 So. Normandie Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.

NIGHT FAIRIES

OVER the meadow
Soft and green,
A dozen or more
Gay fairies are seen,
Merrily dancing
Their heart's desire,
Gaily they're skipping
And never will tire.

But at the dawning
Of a new day,
They slowly and softly
Go drifting away;
Over the meadow
Bright and soft,
Flying so quietly
They steal aloft.

GEORGIA STRIPP
Age 12 years Billings, Mont.

CRABS

SALT water crabs are found along the coast in the water holes in the reefs and in the rocks along the shore. They sun themselves on the rocks and hide in the cracks.

The crabs are green and have hard shells. They have eight legs and run sidewise. They run very fast. It is funny to go on a crab hunt in the rocks. They manage their eight legs very well and can pinch with their pinchers hard enough to make you say, "Ouch!"

The crabs eat one another if they can and eat minnows when they can catch them.

One time I tied a piece of bologna to a string and let it down into the water and nearly pulled one out, but it saw me and dropped back into the pool.

The crabs are very hard to approach, for they may see your shadow and hide. You have to come up so they will not see your shadow.

Another funny thing about crabs is that sometimes one of the pinchers gets broken off and another grows on. Then the crab has a large and a small pincher.

RALPH RICHEY

Morgan Hill, Calif.

Age 10 years

**MR.
WAZUL
DUCK**

If You Were Disappointed You Can Get
Your Wazul Duck Now

Although many boys and girls received their Wazul Ducks before Christmas, you may have been disappointed. But that need not matter. There are still more Wazul Ducks which have not yet been sent out. Your Wazul Duck is either in some store right in your own city, or it is here among the ducks which we still have. If you can't find your Wazul Duck at the store, send us \$1.00 right now, and we will mail it by parcel post the very minute we get your letter.

THE ROGERS SALES CORPORATION
457 N. Racine Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.



Little Bo-Peep is looking for a home. She looks very pretty in her white lawn dress and bright flowered cloak and cap. She is about twelve inches tall and can stand all alone. You will like her little cousins, Miss Mufet, Red Riding Hood and Curly Locks, too. All children love them.

Price—Bo-Peep \$1.00

Pollyanna Toys for little Girls and Boys

Pollyanna Ready to Make "You Sew It" Doll Clothes Sets

are always popular. First there is the fun of making the little dresses that are all cut out and put together ready for sewing. Then Dolly has a new dress fit for any occasion. There is a fancy dress and skirt, a gingham dress and skirt, a pair of rompers, and a cape and hood—so Dolly has a complete outfit. Thread, clasps, needle and thimble are included in the box. Pollyanna Sewing Sets are an ideal "after Christmas" gift. They make learning to sew a pleasure.

For Doll 12" to 14"—Price of Set \$2.00

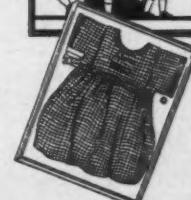
For Sale at your dealer, or send direct to the

POLLYANNA COMPANY

Manufacturers of Ready to Make, "You Sew It"
Kiddies and Doll Clothes Sewing Sets, Floating Toys,
Soft, Novelty and Character Dolls, and Sand Filling Toys.

1120-22 West 35th Street

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



How to Make Doll Dresses



A New Simple Method which any little girl able to use a needle and scissors can follow
VAN DOLL CLOTHES come marked ready

A new dress, bloomers, and nightgown for any doll from 9 to 20 inches tall, including instructions—all for
\$1.50 Postpaid

Measure your doll's height as shown above and tell us whether the body is kid, wood, soft or composition.

Prices on other sizes and outfit upon request.

VIDA NISBET SALES CO., 1722 E. 82nd St., Cleveland, O.

Miss Nisbet:

Please send me FREE your book on Dolly's Wardrobe. Also Outfit for my doll. inches tall, with. body. \$1.50 is enclosed to pay for Outfit.

Name.

Street Address.

Town. State.



MANY MARKS

Makes Every Child an Artist

A new game that gives free reign to young imaginations—keeps children busy—turns their efforts into instructive and useful channels.

With the complete set, consisting of six curves and lines—evolved from ancient Oriental symbols—anyone can make innumerable funny, lovable and delightful pictures.

Children never tire of MANY MARKS—every movement of the hand brings new ideas. Order a set sent to your child. Your money back if it fails to entertain.

DONIADUCE TOYS
BATAVIA ILLINOIS

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

DONIADUCE TOYS, Batavia, Ill.

Please send me, subject to complete approval, one set of MANY MARKS. Find enclosed 60c.

My Child's Name.

Address.

City. State.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM a boy in the fourth grade.

I was nine years old the 30th of September.

Since my teacher has been reading such good stories to our class, I may subscribe for CHILD LIFE. I think it is a very fine magazine. I am going to ask my teacher how much it is.

A new friend,
STANLEY GORDON
North Baltimore, Ohio

BLOW TIME

OH I wait and wait till the sun peeps down

From the clouds, and the wind blows high,
And then I take a dandelion And blow it to the sky!

GRACE HANLY
Age 7 years Elgin, Ill.

THE SNOW MAN

I MADE a little snow man,
I made him a snow suit,
By putting snow around a can;
It made him look so cute.

DOROTHY CORNISH
Age 9 years Portland, Ore.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LOVE CHILD LIFE very much.

I am eight years old and am in the third grade. I am writing a little verse to you, called "A Little Boy," and I made it up myself. I hope you will put it in CHILD LIFE. I have been to Washington, D. C., and have seen the White House. I have lived in Baltimore, Md., and have seen Fort McHenry.

Best wishes to you and all the little readers of CHILD LIFE.

BONNIE BISHOP

A LITTLE BOY

THERE was a little boy,
And his name was little Roy,
And he had a little toy,
And it made him full of joy.

BONNIE BISHOP
Age 8 years Haddam, Kans.

DO YOU KNOW?

DO YOU know where the birds all go

In the cold winter when down falls the snow?

Do you know where the butterfly stays

All through those cold and dreary days?

Do you know how the woodchucks sleep

Down in their holes so warm and deep?

Oh yes, oh yes, I know those things, And how the mouse from his hay bed springs;

Oh yes, I knew those things long ago,

And how the rabbit makes tracks in the snow;

And how summer will come and go, And how the winter will bring the snow.

Oh yes, yes I knew All those things long ago.

ELEANOR MOATS

West Medford, Mass.

Age 9 years

PRETTY RAINBOW

PRETTY little rainbow bright,
With your colors all in sight,

Listening to the raindrops fall,
As the sun comes o'er the wall.

DOROTHY KAISER

Age 10 years Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS

I HAVE a cat. His name is Thomas. Thomas likes to play and roll over, and have some one scratch him. My cat catches grasshoppers in the field. It is fun to watch him catch them. My cat sharpens his claws on the tree sometimes. When he sits down he curls his tail around his little front feet.

CRAIG TAMPLIN

Age 7 years Denver, Colo.

